

The TATLER

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London, February 19, 1930

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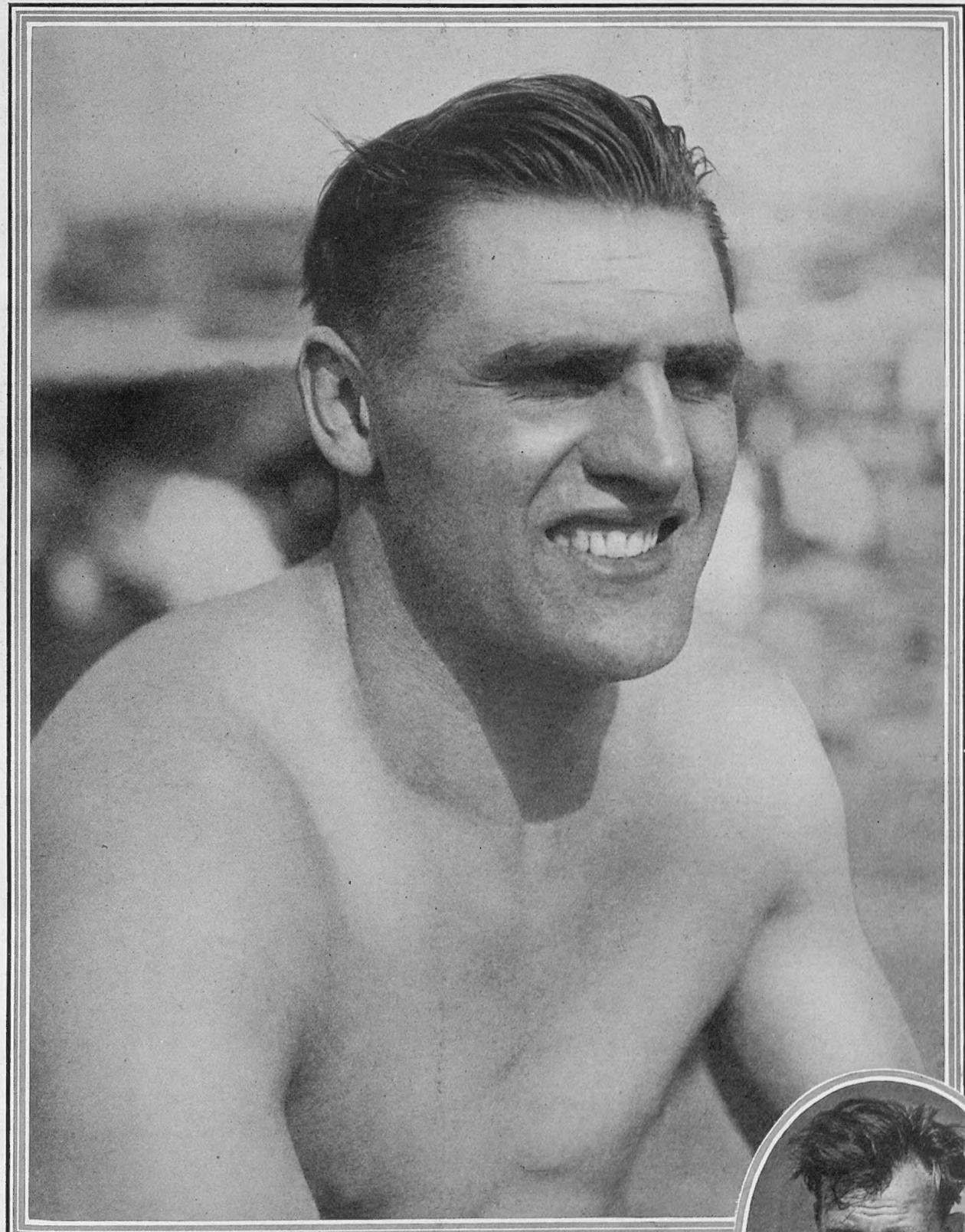
The TATLER

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London, February 19, 1930

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Price One Shilling.



PHIL SCOTT (inset) JACK SHARKEY

If we are to believe the "pre-War" publicity when any big fight is toward, neither man has a chance! This fact is referred to in "Pictures in the Fire" in this issue. Each of these two gentlemen, who meet on the 27th at Miami in a fight which is not for the world's championship, has already arranged what he is going to do with the winning end of the purse. Mr. Sharkey has, for instance, arranged to go on the movies after the fight after next, that is when he has also knocked out Schmeling. Phil Scott has told Sharkey that he will either knock him out or "force him to quit." It is all very confusing



The Letters of Eve



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CAPE TOWN

A group taken at Government House with H.E. the Earl of Athlone, Governor of the Union of South Africa and H.R.H.'s uncle, H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and Lady May Cambridge, their Excellencies' only daughter

DEAREST,—The various little upsets that our Cabinet Ministers have had to suffer during the last few days make us realise that not even a Socialist Government can be free from trouble and criticism. Poor Mr. Thomas. It must have been a bitter blow for him when his three trusty co-operators expressed their differences with him on the subject of the unemployment problem—Mr. George Lansbury, whose twin-grandchildren have just been christened; Sir Oswald Mosley, who has just been described by one of the clever young men from Oxford as one of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Labour Party; and Mr. Tom Johnstone.

* * *

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues, too, must be a little worried after Lord Rothermere's prediction that Lord Beaverbrook would be occupying No. 10, Downing Street, in a year or two. Apparently in two years we must be prepared for anything, since everyone is making predictions as to what is going to happen in that time. Most of us, though, are looking a little nearer, and wondering what Mr. Snowden



A YOUNG ENTHUSIAST AT ST. MORITZ

Miss Maureen Dunville, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon's little daughter by her first marriage. She is obviously out for championship honours—some day. The Hon. Francis Curzon is an uncle of Lord Scarsdale



THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

In the Palm Garden of the New Colonial Hotel at Nassau, Lady Carlisle was the Hon. Bridget Hore-Ruthven and is the eldest of Lord and Lady Ruthven's daughters

and his Budget have in store for us. It seems probable that we shall find it more expensive to live since more money has got to be raised from income tax. And almost certain that it will be more expensive to die, since there is so much talk of the Death Duties being raised. Heaven knows they are heavy enough already, and the parable of the rich man and the camel and the needle's eye will soon be true in the more material sense. Mr. Snowden must be glad of the windfall from Lord Forteviot's estate. He has had several good things of the kind during his term of office, but hardly the macabre kind of luck of his predecessor, Mr. Winston Churchill.

* * *

Isaw Mr. Winston Churchill the other night at the new restaurant in Bury Street which has become so popular. It is attractively decorated, and the idea of having an undress-room

leading out of the other, but with a separate door, is very sound in these informal days of late cocktail and sherry parties and movies. Mrs. Dudley Coats was dining there too, looking very lovely in a pale smoky chiffon frock with long sleeves. She was wearing her hair parted in the middle and long black earrings. Quite a number of women are wearing sleeves on their evening frocks. I noticed several very cheerful looking parties, one of which consisted of four young men. One of these was Mr. Henry Mond, and another Mr. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who came back from St. Moritz with his pretty young wife a little time ago. Most of the Switzerland enthusiasts, bar a few experts who are only just starting out, are home again now.

* * *

The spate of new engagements and sudden marriages shows no signs of abating, and two week-end excitements were the registry-office weddings of Lady Diana Bridgeman and Sir Robert Abdy, and of Lord Erroll and Mrs. Ramsay Hill. Lady Diana certainly chose the best way of stopping any further premature announcements by taking the final step immediately after the news of her engagement leaked out.

* * *

And, talking of premature announcements, I am sorry that I should have been one of those to confirm the rumour about Miss Alvilde's engagement. She and her mother have asked me to deny it emphatically, for they have been bombarded with letters and telephone inquiries ever since. But to return to the Abdys. The happy couple are now spending their honeymoon in Spain, and the bride's father has gone off for his usual month's cure at Vernet les Bains.

* * *

The Westminster-Ponsonby wedding now seems definitely settled for tomorrow, and I suppose the queues will have started to line up already. Meanwhile several new engagements have been announced and rumoured. The announcements concern Lady Lettice Lygon and Mr. Richard Cotterell, and Miss Mary Lane-Fox and Mr. Robert Bridgeman. Lady Lettice the eldest of the lovely Beauchamp sisters, is remarkable not only for her looks and her height, but for her charm and her very beautiful speaking-voice. Her marriage will link up two

ducal families, since she is a niece of to-morrow's bridegroom, the Duke of Westminster, her mother's brother; and her fiance's mother was a sister of the Duke of Richmond, who is starting to race this year. The Richmond jacket has not been seen on the turf for over forty years. The rumoured engagement concerns the younger of the Spanish Infantas and Prince Nicholas of Rumania, who has many friends in this country.

* * *

Birmingham races on Monday and Tuesday last week attracted quite a big crowd. Bigger, in fact, than I had expected, for it was rather cold on the course, and most of the women had the pinched look in their faces and the wrapped-up look about their bodies which prevent them from being quite at their best. One could see beautifully though, and the racing was extremely good on the whole; the Stayers' Handicap on Tuesday, eventually won by Great Span, being quite thrilling to watch. Mrs. Reid Walker was there and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bellville with their son and daughter-in-law, the Tony Bellvilles. A few other hardened racegoers that I noticed were Mrs. Raymond Boileau, who had gone up to see her horse run, Mr. Percy Whitaker, and Mr. Harry Brown. We were all sorry to see Mr. Bobby Shaw get that nasty spill.

* * *

Mr. C. B. Cochran is really rather a wonderful person. He has such a reputation now for never putting on a bad show that people are already talking about his new revue, which is due at the London Pavilion towards the end of next month. I hear that one of his new finds is Leila Sokhey, a very lovely Brahmin girl, who was an unofficial lady-in-waiting to the Maharani of Cooch Behar. Mr. Cochran saw some of her Indian dances and engaged her on the spot. Since then she has been working hard at her dancing in Paris. The name of the new revue is still unsettled I believe, but Oliver Messel is doing many of the *décor*s, including those for Leila Sokhey's dance, and Christopher Wood

is doing some other scenes. Beverley Nicholls is doing the book, and some of the music is by that very clever musician, Lord Berners. What a collection of talent. And Serge Lifar and Nikitina for the Russian Ballet scenes, the choreography of which is being done by Balanchine.

(Continued on b. 32c)



LORD AND LADY SCARBROUGH

At Hurst Park 'Chases last week. Lady Scarbrough had one running in the Hurlingham Hurdle Race, First Flight, which finished eighth in a big field. Lord Scarbrough's original regiment was the 7th Hussars, and during the War he was Director-General of Territorial and Volunteer Forces



MRS. FORBES-SEMPILL AND MR. HANDLEY PAGE

MR. F. MONTAGUE AND LADY BURNEY

The Royal Empire Society Dinner in connection with aviation, which was held at the Hotel Victoria and which is referred to in this issue by our flying expert, was one of the best gatherings of its kind ever held, and in addition to the celebrities in these pictures the company included Sir Dennistoun Burney, the lighter-than-air expert, and Sir Sefton Brancker, who is all for something heavier than air and is incidentally Director-General of Civil Aviation. Mr. F. Montague is Under-Secretary for Air in the Labour Government, and Mr. Handley Page has a world-wide reputation and so needs no bush

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.



Debenham & Gould
LADY KAREN PRETYMAN AND HER CHILDREN, JOHN
AND ANNE

Lady Karen Pretyman is the fourth of Lord and Lady Normanton's seven daughters, and married Mr. Herbert Pretyman, son of the Right Hon. E. G. Pretyman in 1925. John, their son and heir, is three months old and Anne two years

The Duke of Gloucester was one of the most energetic of the 400 or so who danced at the Cottesmore ball on the parquet floor which had been brought down from London and laid down specially for the occasion. It was a good party in every way, and it was very late indeed before the last small batch of people went wearily home. Everyone one could expect to be there seemed to be there. Perhaps the most admired of the newcomers was Miss Jean Crichton, Mrs. Arthur Crichton's very pretty girl, who is one of this season's debutantes. She came with Mr. and Mrs. James Baird, whose party at Deanscroft included young Lord Erne. Others that I specially noticed were Lady Ravensdale, who always looks very striking, Lord Burghley and his lovely wife, who brought a party with them from "Burghley House near Stamford Town," Captain and Mrs. de Pret and the beautiful Mrs. Gerard Leigh. Lady Violet Astor and Miss Mercer Nairne were among Captain and Mrs. Leigh's guests at Thorpe Satchville.

* * *

London has been quite unusually gay with parties of all kinds during the last few days. The whole of the Corps Diplomatische, blazing with decorations, and a great number of the town's brightest and best were at the dance given by the French Ambassador and Madame de Fleurieu at the French Embassy last week. The Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby came in for a great deal of attention, of course, especially as the Duke has not been seen very much at big functions of this kind during the last few years. And another person to attract very special notice was a very lovely Japanese whose name I was unable to find out. Kathleen Lady Drogheada brought her daughter, Lady

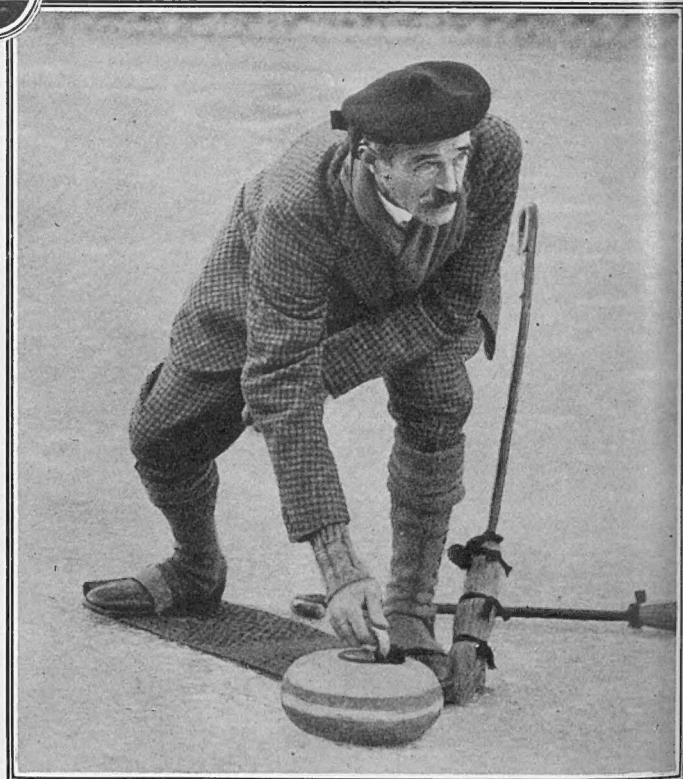
Patsy Moore, and was kept busy denying the rumour of her son's engagement to Miss Bridges.

* * *

Miss Bridges' mother, Lady Bridges, was one of the 200 guests invited to the reception at Burlington House the night after. There was no music or dancing. Just supper, which was laid out in one of the galleries, the people, and the pictures. But everyone enjoyed it because of the unique opportunity of going round the galleries and seeing everything in comfort. All the galleries were lit and many of the pictures showed up better than they do in daylight. The 200 consisted of many Italians, of course, and among others, of Lady Oxford and her daughter Princess Antoine Bibesco, Madame de Fleurieu, Colonel John Astor, Lord Gerald Wellesley, who had just come back from Coton, where he had been staying with Mrs. Arthur James, the Duchess of Devonshire and, of course, Lady Chamberlain.

* * *

We have been hearing any amount of music, both publicly and private. The delightful Elizabeth Schumann enchanted everyone who went to her recital. And Moiseiwitsch surely surpassed himself at both his two last recitals when he played Schumann and Chopin. Such enthusiasm and excitement during the Chopin one when the Wigmore Hall was packed and people were being sent away disappointed. Then the new English Music Society gave a very good concert at Park Lane on Tuesday night, when Madeline Grey, who has a great reputation all over Europe, sang a number of French songs in the original Languedoc. Miss Olga Lynn, again in the throes of house-furnishing, was there, and Arthur Rubinstein just back from a flying week-end to Paris. Also Mrs. Arnold Henderson, whose pretty elder girl, Diana, is just off to Germany for a few months, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. Pilkington, whose son, Vere, is one of the very few people who can play the harpsichord. He was performing not long ago at the concert given by the Early Italian Music Society.—All my love to you, dearest, yours ever, EVE.



MR. ALASTAIR MacGREGOR ON POLNIE LOCH

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Buchan the inhabitants of the Scottish Highlands have been able to carry on with one of their most popular national games next to tossing the caber. All the Perthshire Lochs are frozen, and Mr. MacGregor of Cardney is seen in action in a game the Dunkeld Club had

TRAVELLERS AND A HUNTING TRYST



IN AMERICA

MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE, COLONEL RONALD NUTTING, AND MRS. P. G. WODEHOUSE



Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

HUNTING WITH THE LOUTH : In front—Mr. H. Moorehead, Major E. Shirley, Mrs. Wickham Moorehead, Miss S. Montgomery, Captain R. A. B. Filgate, M.F.H., Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Coddington, Colonel Booth, and Master M. Simonds. second row—Lieut.-Colonel Simonds, Miss M. Taafe, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. McClintock, Mrs. H. Moorehead, Mr. W. Norman Cleland, Mrs. Simonds, and Sir Edward Bellingham; behind—Mr. R. J. Montgomery, Miss Thornhill, Mrs. Booth, and Miss Moorehead

Heading this page are four personalities who have lately crossed the Atlantic from east to west. For Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe it was purely a pleasure trip, their object being a series of rencontres with their many American friends. Colonel Ronald Nutting's visit on the other hand is a business one, primarily concerned with reviewing finance conditions in the States. Sir Harold Nutting's brother is Governor of the Bank of Ireland. America is a second home to Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, the wife of the famous author-dramatist. She and her husband have spent long periods there at different times, and the majority of the eighteen musical comedies of which P. G. Wodehouse is part author were produced there. The hunting group was taken when the Louth met at Beaulieu, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Montgomery's residence, near Drogheda. Captain Filgate has been Master since 1916, and Major Shirley is honorary secretary. Sir Edward Bellingham of Castle Bellingham is a Senator of the Free State Parliament



EMIL JANNINGS AND YVETTE GUILBERT IN "FAUST"

A better Mephisto than Emil Jannings in the film version of Goethe's "Faust" it would be very difficult to find, and Yvette Guilbert is said to be a marvellous Martha

In all walks of life it is extremely hard to be quite fair to the man who gets what, in slang parlance, he has been asking for. One would find it much easier to be fair to "The First British Cinema Radio Revue," more brightly known as *Elstree Calling*, if British International Pictures, Ltd., had not chosen the Alhambra as the scene of its exploitation. To do this was to ask for it, and to judge by the appearance of the house on Monday evening British International Pictures, at least so far as this film is concerned, have got it in the neck. It is very difficult to think of a theatre less suited for pictures. Only two of the boxes can ever be of any use, so that those next the stage, being tenantless, must always have a depressing effect. In the two possible boxes, which have now been made into omnibus affairs, sat five people. Each box has twelve chairs, so that I had eleven silent companions, while in the corner of the corresponding box was huddled a comfortless quartet. Elsewhere the house was at a generous estimate one quarter full. The promenade was completely deserted; the bars were closed; and all over this once joyous theatre one saw placards making horrid mention of tea. Tea at the Alhambra, where once Marie Lloyd . . . ! But I will not be more morbid than the strict duty of noticing this film necessitates. Let me therefore merely call attention to the fact that this thin, depressed audience had foregathered not at some unearthly before-breakfast hour, but at 8.45 p.m., which as everybody knows is high tide at the pictures.

But what I want to know is, how did everybody get to know so early in the run that *Elstree Calling* was a completely dud show? The film was first shown on the previous Saturday, and in this case the bad news appears to have travelled exceptionally fast. It is true that my friend and colleague, Mr. Sydney Carroll, described this picture on the following morning as "an artistic failure, overwhelming and complete." But since when did the film fan concern himself with artistic failure or artistic success? Can it have been another line of Mr. Carroll's which did the damage, the line in which the artists in this film were described as "nonentities or feeble shadows prancing to an ineffective doom"? The horrid thought occurred to me—and I bet I'm right—that the film public is staying away from this film just because it is English, and that exactly the same performance by unknown Americans would have crammed the house from floor to ceiling. Let me, however, try to see what I think about this film item by item. Let me begin by recording that the entertainment started with a Mickey Mouse cartoon. First rate. Then curtains of Cimmerian velvet descended and there appeared a songstress whose name shall be mercifully withheld, and during whose twitterings the standard lamp

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

A Talkie Revue

essential to these occasions went out. Would that I could have done likewise! Then came a great treat, nothing less than an early Chaplin film which I had never seen, *The Rink*. So that it was in an excellent mood that I prepared myself for a revue in which five composers, three lyric-writers, and three conductors were announced to have collaborated. At once it was obvious that the thing could only be considered a revue in the loosest possible meaning of the term. It was strung together by the appearance of Mr. Tommy Handley, photographed before a microphone and uttering some of the feeblest jocosities to which I have ever listened. At the other end was Mr. Gordon Harker manipulating a home-made television set. It is characteristic of the film-mind that of Mr. Handley, who in my view was on this occasion extremely poor, we were

given far too much, while of Mr. Harker, who was superb and head and shoulders above everything else in the entertainment, we were given almost nothing at all. After this came a succession of perfectly familiar music-hall and revue items, every one reduced to the merest shadow of a shade. The Three Eddies danced, and one merely yawned and wished they would stop. Mr. Teddy Brown came forward, played some silly little tunes on a xylophone, and set one wondering whether there is and why there should be any quality of entertainment in a photograph of a fat man. Mr. Will Fyffe, normally a superb comedian but on this occasion desisting from impersonation, bored me unutterably with some stale jokes about Scotch thrift, while all the heartiness and bouncings of Miss Lily Morris did nothing to revive my steadily sinking spirits. Throughout the film there had wandered Mr. Donald Calthrop, throwing out persistent suggestions that before the evening was over he intended to slip us a bit of Shakespeare. Would that he had done so! Mr. Calthrop is a charming actor with one of the loveliest speaking voices in the world, as those know who remember the B.B.C. Armistice Day Service three years ago. What ultimately happened was that Mr. Calthrop was allowed to give the silliest, weakest burlesque of Douglas Fairbanks in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the burlesque consisting in whipping a motor-cycle round the stage and receiving custard-pies thrown at him by Miss Anna May Wong, who, as the Shrew, appeared in the scant costume and bare legs of a Chinese dancer. I thought the whole episode foolish to the point of offensiveness. In the meantime Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge had been doing items from their revue at the Adelphi Theatre. I do not object to this, because the film if it were a success would doubtless be shown to people in places where Mr. Hulbert's revue will never be seen. My objection to Mr. Hulbert's items is that they were completely ineffective.

Let the reader be quite clear what this notice really means. I am a devoted admirer of each and every one of the artists mentioned above. The Three Eddies have many a time and oft danced me to a frenzy; to gaze upon Mr. Teddy Brown in the flesh is to re-read that witty French novel, "Le Martyre de l'Obèse"; in the past I have written columns in praise of Mr. Fyffe; Miss Lily Morris is the apple of my eye. And so on and so forth. The point is that with these distinguished players in real life, in the proper lighting, and in their authentic three dimensions one would have passed an entirely delightful evening. Photograph them, and they suddenly become nothing at all. Why this should be so I frankly do not know, except that so far as I am concerned the same has held true of photographed musical comedies. Whereby I am inclined to think that whatever is to stand the test of infiltration through the films must have more body than these light entertainments possess. I am quite passionately fond of revue, and sometimes think I would rather spend my evenings in the cinema than anywhere else. Yet the conjunction sent me out of the Alhambra murmuring—"Hence, horrible shadows! Unreal mockeries, hence!" And so far as I could gather, the rest of the audience agreed.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii

Plays and Their Players



"MICHAEL AND MARY" AT THE ST. JAMES': MR. HERBERT MARSHALL (Michael), MISS EDNA BEST (Mary)



AND ALSO, MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN (Romeo) AND MR. FRANK LAWTON (David)

"Michael and Mary," Mr. A. A. Milne's play at the St. James', is dealt with by our dramatic critic and the caricaturist in "The Passing Show" pages. It is all about two perfectly charming bigamists, a blackmailing husband and the up-to-date Bright Young, who are so understanding about things. "The Sorcerer," which has not been revived for many years, has been in the D'Oyly Carte bill during the past week, and has revived extremely well. It is one of Gilbert's wittiest "books," and was based on a short story he wrote originally for "The Graphic." Incidentally this opera served to give George Grossmith and Rutland Barrington their first introduction to the stage. Grossmith leapt to fame as John Wellington Wells, the Sorcerer, and Rutland Barrington was Dr. Daly, the parts now played by Mr. Henry Lytton and Mr. Leo Sheffield. Miss Bertha Lewis resumes her old part as Lady Sangazure, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt plays Sir Marmaduke



"THE SORCERER" REVIVED: MISS MARJORIE EYRE (Constance), MR. LEO SHEFFIELD (Dr. Daly), MISS ANNA BETHELL (Mrs. Partlet)

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MISS WINIFRED LAWSON (Aline), MR. CHARLES GOULDING (Alexis)

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

HAVING held over replies to numerous inquiries so long, we propose to devote this week's letter entirely to answering them:

(1) **FICKERS.**—Ronald certainly also stars in the all-talkie business, but is no relation.

(2) **INQUIRER.**—Your horse being wrong of his wind does not mean he is a martyr to halitosis.

(3) **SLIPPERY ANNE.**—We have consulted our expert, Mr. McBraggart, as to your unfortunate sliding seat. From personal experience he is a strong advocate of the "tip-up" seat.

(4) **EVERYMAN.**—More careful reading of the advertisement would have shown you it did not emanate from Chapel Brampton. We can well imagine Bert's surprise.

(5) **FLORIS.**—Scent cannot be accounted for, but generally on a cold day the nose runs faster than hounds. Should, however, the air be colder than the ground, scent will probably be good. The temperature of the former can be felt, and the latter generally ascertained by asking the beautiful girl in the silk hat.

(6) **BIRDIE.**—A woman stuck in a muddy gateway counts as an extraordinary hazard and must be jumped. Even if the Colonel did not dismount, he had no right only to lose distance and continue.

(7) **PHILOLOGIST.**—We cannot trace the derivation, but probably the gentleman calling his horse a "basket" was a Bowery American term of opprobrium for a naughty horse.

From the Belvoir

Sport continues good. On Tuesday hounds ran nicely from Willson's Osiers round Leadenham. Several followers got an unpleasant ducking in the Brant. On Wednesday Mr. Tonge was hunting hounds. Sport was poor at first from Marshall's Spinney, but later there was a nice hunt from Major Bouch's New Covert up to Bretingby Spinney and back to Burbidge's. The day finished with a fast burst from Newman's. On Friday Goddard, the first whip, hunted hounds. They had a busy day round Aswarby Thorns and then ran nicely from Swarby Gorse. Saturday's meet at Plungar provided by far the best sport of the week. The large field included the Duke of Gloucester. George Tongue hunted hounds. Going away close to a good fox from Kaye Wood the pack raced over the Smite and on over the canal by Hickling, and on without a check up the steep rise to the Curate. By the time the pack reached the Curate the large field were spread-eagled all over the Vale. There was only a momentary pause at the covert before the fox went away, on the Broughton side, and hounds ran him faster than ever over a grand line to Sherbrooke's. This time there were only a handful anywhere near hounds. Three or four minutes' delay at Sherbrooke's enabled another contingent to get up in time to see the pack streaming away towards Little Belvoir. They ran on hard to Holwell Mouth, where the fox got to ground only just in time. It was a wonderful gallop; just sixty minutes and only two short checks. What splendid sport we have had this season from Sir Edward Le Marchant's good covert, and what a hardy veteran that fox must be that is hunted by the Quorn most Mondays from the Curate's to Kaye Wood, and on Saturdays is hunted back over the same line by the Belvoir. Long may he survive.

From Warwickshire

It is sad to relate the fact, but this week has been one of poor sport and disappointment. Like the Israelites of old, even the Warwickshire bitches cannot make bricks without straw, or

record the run of the season when there is not a ha'porth of scent. Monday's doings were uneventful in the extreme. Michael Beary was reduced to schooling over the tree trunks, and only a mild curiosity was evinced as to the whereabouts of Rose Marie's second horseman. Welford Maypole was a foxless sort of day and bitterly cold, even if not so cold-making as the race-course, where many locals turned up to back George's chaser—admirably steered to victory by Bill. A wonderful assortment of horse-boxes and trailers marked the meet at Shuckburgh, but Henry and Molly had a fox waiting right away at Oakham, almost on the mat as one might say, and it was sheer bad luck that he merely circled the village and was lost. Later, another tenant of the Home Coverts was forced away over Beacon Hill, and ran as if pointing for the hanging Spinney of Helidon, but changed his mind and was marked to ground in Dane Hole. Nothing else doing except a bit of digging in the laurels and a great opportunity for the Field to punish the port! There was just one fast gallop to wind up the week, and this took place from Hanwell Gorse across the brook to Mollington, back again through Page's to Warmington Hangings where hounds ran out of scent; only five and twenty minutes all told but greatly enjoyed by the majority, though a small section decided they were too cold and frightened to compete! What an irony of fate that the bravest little lady of the lot should have her only sound leg put out of action. Hope it is not as bad as it sounded—someone was evidently short of red ribbon!

From the Fernie

The select few who were out on Saturday at Great Easton enjoyed a capital day's sport with plenty of foxes to deal with. Those who were not out drifted in many instances to the repository at Leicester, where fox-chasers from all parts were congregated to witness the dispersal of several interesting studs. The practical fair sex were much in evidence, and there was serious feeling of tendons and other points in horse inspection. On Monday hounds met in Mowesley Village, where a large field forgathered. With full dykes the going was deep, and quickly told on the field in the first run from Bosworth Gorse. The Laughton Hills found bellows to mend in both horse and rider. Hounds put their fox to ground after an hour's good hunt. Lady Wright, *née* Miss Bullows, the well-known horsewoman, was taking a day with us. Pamps disappointed,

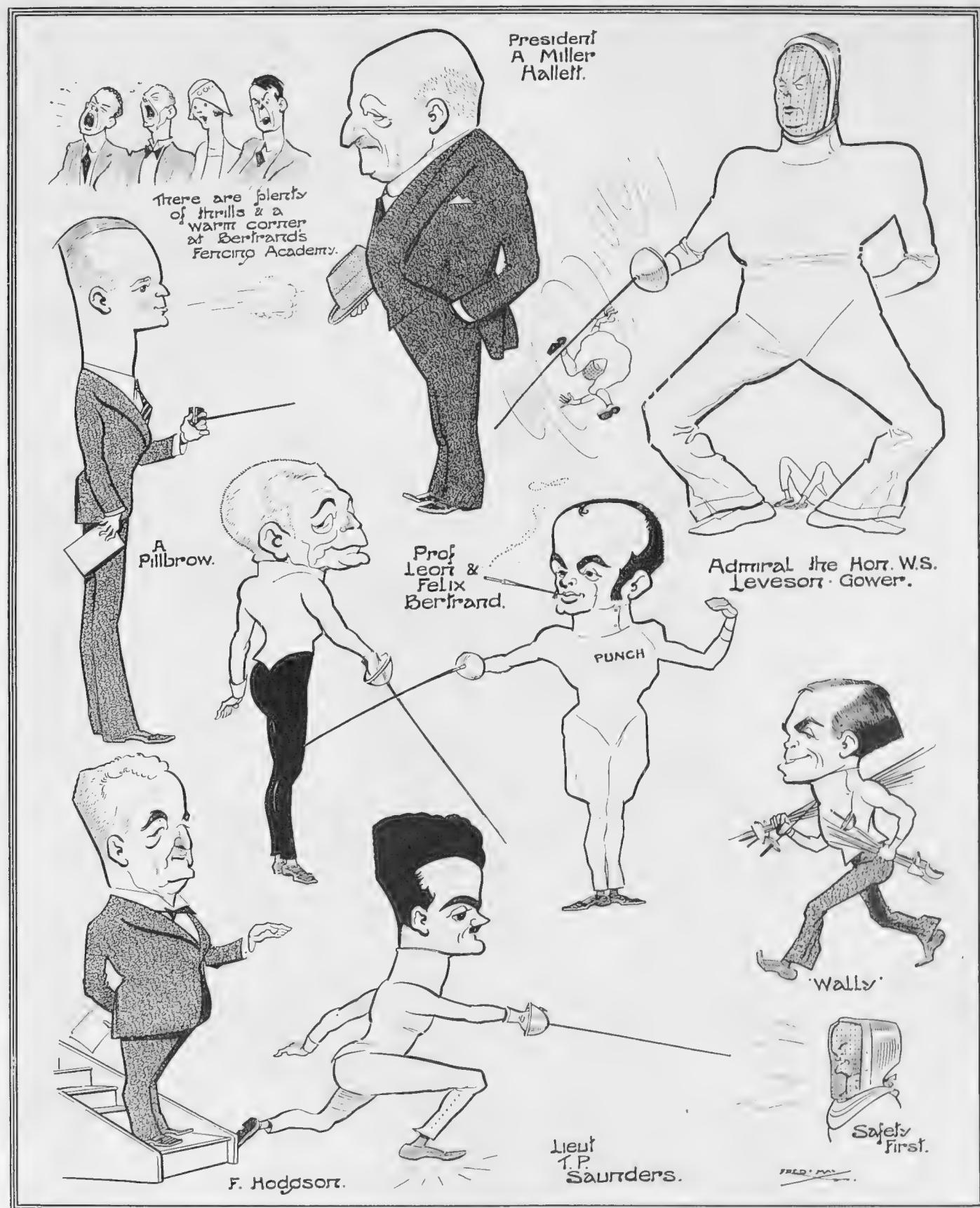
but a Hothorpe fox gave a ringing hunt by way of Naseby and Sibbertoft, and gave up his brush near de Traffords after a good gallop. Little Stretton was our rendezvous on Thursday. There was much jockeying and language in the narrow lane at the field outlet, where cars and horses blocked the way; however, once sorted out the field proceeded to that "fail us never" Shangton Holt. Hounds hunted around there all day. It is pleasing to see that pillar of the hunt, Mr. Harry Mills coming out more frequently. During a fast thing from the Ashlands the Hon. Diana Fellowes took a bad toss at timber and broke a collarbone. We hope she may now be well on the way to recovery. That good Samaritan, Mr. Charlie Edmonstone, stood by faithfully. A snowstorm gave us our first taste of winter and finished our day at Rolleston.

From the Heythrop

To be or not to be, that was the question which was on everybody's lips on Monday, when we met at Pomfret Castle in a thick fog. However, the news that it was quite clear at Rignell removed all doubts, and soon it was also equally clear that we had found a stout fox there, who took us straight

!(Continued on p. vi)

EN GARDE M'SIEU!



SOME OF THE BLADES AT BERTRAND'S—BY FRED MAY

Though most of these gentlemen are displayed with that excellent and handy weapon the épée in their hands, the sketches were made at the Sabre Championships. The following qualified for the semi-final pools of the British sabre championship: P. G. Wardle, J. Smallwood, S. F. Smith, Commander A. H. Jeffreys, G. Chatterton, Lieutenant T. P. Saunders, K. G. Vandyck, Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower, Lieutenant R. D. S. Anderson, C. E. Heys Hallett, G. J. Sills, Lieutenant W. Rippon. The Sabre Club has its H.Q. at Bertrand's, of which Mr. A. Pillbrow is the hon. sec. and Mr. F. Hodgson the well-known referee. The épée is deemed by most the weapon you ought to learn all about because a knowledge of it converts even the ordinary gamp or umbrella into a most deadly weapon.

P. BELLEW.



"And shot into mid-air"

AM not naturally deceitful. I was drawn into the discussion on winter sports at Crawley's after dinner. I may have talked a bit too much about ski-ing, even given a wrong impression; but then Crawley's guests were the hearty sort who judge everyone by the games they play. Moreover Jane was listening. The upshot was that I promised to join their party at Davos. They were off the next day. They would book me a room, and I was to join them in the New Year.

In the grey light next morning I foresaw difficulties ahead, but I could not withdraw. I am too kind-hearted. I dislike disappointing people. Moreover, Jane might misunderstand. I decided to do the thing properly. An expert in a London store assured me that ski-ing was easily learnt, and produced the proper outfit—a do-up-all-round jacket with zyp fasteners, and a pair of sort of ankle-length plus fours.

"Do a telemark, please," he said.

"Do a whater?" I queried, and the little man, double chin, paunch, tape round shoulders, suddenly twisted himself into a vulgar position.

I copied him, slipped on the parquet floor, and landed up against a looking-glass.

"That will do," he exclaimed, saving the glass, and inspecting my figure critically until I felt distinctly stockbrokerish, "you'll need plenty of trouser room," and, piling me up with a heap of accessories, which thoughtfully included a first-aid outfit and the skis—two plank-like things fitted with straps—he presented me with a staggering bill.

By now I was full of enthusiasm, keen to be off out of the English rain to share with my friends "the steady climb in the crystal air, the vast panoramas from the peaks, and then the bird-like swoops as the ski-ers raced homewards down the mountain sides, and so to sleep the sleep of the fit and weary." At least that is what the books said.

When I arrived the Sports Hotel was empty, so I spent the afternoon on the rink, and returned late to find my friends grouped round a radiator discuss'ng earnestly.

"Hullo! old man," they shouted as hearty as ever. "We've had a marvellous run from the Parsen Hut to Klosters. You're just in time. Snow's perfect. Where've you been?"

"Skating," I said proudly, conscious that I had skated well. A glass or two of beer at the kurhouse on the way back had strengthened the conviction.

The Chronicles of a Mutt

By "LUPIN"

"Skating?" said Crawley, and looked vaguely at his sister Jane—and to tell you the truth it was because Jane was in the party that I had stuck to my promise to come.

They all looked at me in that sort of silence that gives a fellow a panicky cold feeling as when he has told the wrong story to the very wrong people.

"Carnera was knocked out," I hurried on.

"Carnera knocked out?" they all repeated. For a minute I thought they were going to ask me who Carnera was.

"Wales beat England by two tries," I stammered, wallowing still deeper.

Jane gave me a blue-eyed, searching, pitying look and began to talk to her neighbour. Whereupon they were all at once absorbed in earnest discussion. I crept away to dress for dinner, conscious of a ring of broad shoulders, male and female, shutting me out from the warmth of the radiator and the conversation.

I buried my skates deep in a box. Discreet inquiries made it devastatingly clear that to ski-ers skating was only for cripples and the old.

At dinner, however, I was something of a success. In answer to questions I let it be understood, though very modestly, that in the old days, before ski-ing became a popular sport, and when it was still only for a few experts, I was something of a performer.

"Not had a ski on for years. Must have a day or two's practice, you know, to get back into form and to get used to the altitude," I concluded.

You see, everyone in England had told me that there was really nothing in ski-ing; a few days' practice and I'd be up with the best. I was a bit older than the rest, and I do hate being treated as a weakling by a pack of women. Further, Jane is particularly inclined to do homage before athletic success. There was a tall, superior-looking fellow in the hotel, a sort of ski-ing Valentino, covered with badges, gold skis, and silver eagles, and goodness knows what. The women, and Jane in particular, hung on his every word. I grew to dislike that fellow quite a lot. He used to give me a haughty young-camelish look when I said good-morning to him, and he wore a Leander scarf to show, I suppose, that he was some good for the summer too. In future, I shall wear my ping-pong blazer in Switzerland.



"Slipped on the parquet floor"



"Landed me heavily, face first"

The Chronicles of a Mutt—continued

Then no one will dare to treat me casually, even if I cannot go tearing about on those plank things.

I arranged with a German instructor for some ski-ing lessons away from the crowd. Whoever told me that ski-ing was easy either did not know or lied. My first efforts made me feel like a pelican. Don't ask me to explain. Go to St. James's Park and watch the ugly beasts turning round on their awkward feet, trying to keep their dignity. Only the skis were far more slippery and went off at all sorts of queer angles, as well as getting their toes caught up together. I soon gave up all idea of dignity. At the end of four days I was bruised in every limb, but I had learnt how to use the seat of my trousers as a brake.

Back at the hotel I talked learnedly and with enthusiasm of the new methods, comparing them with the old—an ancient guide-book helped me with that—but at the end of a week my friends grew restive and inquisitive, and that long, tall, supercilious fellow said something about "kindergarten and nursery" that almost made me lose my temper.

"Come along, Lupin," said Jane. "We've a run on to-morrow. You must come. Don't bother to go on polishing up your *turns* and *stops*." And I agreed, principally because of the sneer on that long fellow's face.

A funicular railway took us up a 1,000-ft. precipice. We fitted strips of skin on the bottom of the skis to make them stop slipping backwards, and plodded steadily for two hours up more snow-covered precipices, but the "crystal clear air" only made me pant and sweat. "The vast panoramas from the peaks" and my luncheon were completely spoiled by the hideous thought that I had to slip down all that distance again in these accursed "not-to-be-controlled" ski-things.

I set my teeth however and started off with the rest, but failed to move until one of the party noticed that I had not taken the skins off the skis. While I undid them I saw Jane watching me, as I thought, a little suspiciously. I thought also that I heard the tall fellow say something about my "needing an anchor," and some sniggers, but am not sure.

My first "bird-like swoop as we raced down the mountains" landed me heavily, face first, in a snow drift on my right, and the second into some crusted bruising snow on my left. Just as I heaved myself up again a strap broke, one ski came off and slid away in front of me, getting up pace, and disappeared over a mountain top.

Everyone was full of commiseration—except that lanky, superior fellow.

"Bad luck, old man! You'll find a beaten track that way to walk down," they said, and fixing the remaining ski on my back under my knapsack, they pushed off over the next cliff and disappeared. I trudged down with the air of a martyr, and then

whistled gaily to show how philosophically I could face life's little disappointments. I began to enjoy the "vast panoramas and the crystal clear air."

Five hundred feet lower down, however, they were all waiting patiently. A guide had recovered the ski. I stopped whistling and fixed it again with a new strap. The guide seemed to expect gratitude and a tip.

The rest of the party, without waiting further, shot down an incline of incredible steepness, and before I was ready to start they were no more than pimples far below, waiting on a convenient mound.

They seemed to be getting restless, and were shouting to me to come along, while I was looking at the view. The mountain lay sheer below me in ice and snow. Beyond, where my party waited, were more precipices, a wood and a cliff-side again. Far below that in the valley bottom were the houses of Davos, which looked like tiny square dots. In fact it was what is called a "bird's-eye view," and as far as I am concerned any bird may have it.

At the same moment the skis decided to move off. A minute later I was racing down with the wind flapping in my trousers. To turn, to stop, even to fall down was out of the question as the pace increased. All my instructor had said was forgotten; vaguely into my head came the shop-man's, "Do a telemark, please!" I crouched as he had done to swing half round in a smother of snow, but before I could stop I was tearing off in a new direction. The snow raced beneath me, the wind roared in my ears. Davos houses, the woods, my party in one jumble were all shooting up towards me. A second later I hurtled down a sheer cliff-side, turned abruptly on to a flat place and shot into mid-air; I gave a great gasp and shut my eyes. I was falling, falling through nightmare space, and far below I hit the ground and slid for a while and then did a colossal somersault and lay still, twisted into a ruinous jumble of arms, legs, skis, and sticks.

Slowly, cautiously, I unknotted myself, to find nothing broken. Jane was leaning over me. From the sound of the voices round me I realised that for some reason or other I was a hero—the tall, lanky fellow was talking very small, well in the background, and as soon as I could sit up I gave him a great, big, supercilious look—I had done a wonderful telemark, and turned into the Great Jump. No one but the absolute crack professionals had ever dared to try it, and I had jumped some incredible distance—I felt like that. The lanky fellow had never even been on a jump in his life, funk it, poor boob.

In the train home I was the centre, and I ignored him absolutely. The minute the rest were well in the baths I slipped round to the post office and sent myself an urgent telegram to return home at once.

The party gave me a royal send-off. I did not rub it in or boast, just remained modestly superior, conscious of the superior skill and nerve of the older, harder generation to which I belonged.

As the train drew out I sat back in relief. Except for bruises and strains I had escaped serious injury, and Jane had definitely turned down the lanky fellow—the boob who had never jumped—and she had given me more than half a promise to accept me



"I soon gave up all idea of dignity"

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

The Last of the Gay Old Days.

OF one thing you will never convince the Bright Young Things of this post-War period. It is that the Victorians and the Edwardians had a much freeer, jollier existence than they, those Bright Young Things, will ever know. Men folk especially. Only Old Women, be-trousered or be-skirted, can see the benefit of most of the illogical restrictions from which we suffer nowadays. The present epoch is the triumph of the Old Woman. When men gave women a vote they resigned their liberties, only they didn't realise it at the time, and it's too late to bother about it now. Women have an unshakable belief in righteousness by Acts of Parliament. You have only to see this in their own homes, wherein few of them are satisfied until they embody in themselves both the Commons and the Lords. Mr. Ralph Nevill is never so amusing and readable as when he is haranguing the grandmotherly legislation which now curtails our liberties. In his new book, "The Gay Victorians" (Nash and Grayson. 21s.), he rides rough-shod over the moral pomposities which to-day have almost made us a nation of Gloomy Deans. He regrets the old days when a man was allowed to look after himself, and not treated, as women so love to treat men, as if he were irresponsible and had to be guarded for his own good from the cradle to the grave. He paints for us once again in his new book of reminiscences the gayer pictures of the past. He sees that where women have gained in liberty men have lost in exact ratio, and being a man he resents the advent of cranks which invariably follows in the train of Women ascending to Power. Side by side with what our Bright Young Things regard as liberty, the old days look like licence. He speaks, of course, of the world of amusement. For it is the world of amusement which he recalls so entertainingly in his new book. The more worldly Victorians therefore will love it. It will revive for them the old days so vividly. It will recall back to their minds popular social figures who, although most of them cut no ice historically, were at any rate Figures, with a capital F. Old restaurants, old theatres, old habits and customs, old familiar faces—all these things are also recalled in his most readable book. It is, of course, not a complete picture. It ignores, for example, that side of Victorian life which made the vision of Queen Victoria, bible in hand, symbolical of England's greatness and holiness, and at the same time one of the ironic jokes of social history. It recalls only the world of Society and the theatre, the race-course and the club, but it proves once more that these worlds were indeed gay. To-day they are mostly drearily financial. Amusements then were not law-ridden as they are in 1930. The police kept to police work and allowed us to look after our own private life and morals. The Victorians were not harried by excessive income tax. Life was slower in regard to locomotion, but it had dignity, and it seemed to breed individuals, as apart from a mass-production of type. Dress was ridiculous, but freedom is not a question of

skirts nor of mutton-chop whiskers. The masher was a fool, but he had a greater air about him than the knut, and the Gigolo, who is, I suppose, his present-day descendant, is an appalling object. This latter is, presumably, the result of female ascendancy, since the silly blue-eyed doll who was symbolical of all that was fast and furious in a more manly epoch is now practically extinct as a round-the-corner success. At any rate, it is most amusing to read about these gay old days which modern Bright Young People can never be convinced were not as slow-moving as a talkie. The volume is, of course, peppered with anecdotes, and the illustrations from old photographs are distinctly jolly. Middle-aged people and old people will revel in these reminiscences, and younger people will doubt once more if they alone are having all the fun. They aren't, as old people know, and Mr. Nevill's new book proves.

* * * * A Series of Superb Pictures.

In "The Fair-Haired Victory" (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.), Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell brings his study of Mediæval Life, Art, and Thought to a close. The previous volumes were "The Visit of the Gipsies" and "These Sad Ruins." As one who has read them all with delight, the final impression is curious. If you asked me what was the underlying idea behind the study, what were the author's final conclusions, I could not say. Yet if you asked me if I enjoyed reading every single one of the three books I would most assuredly cry "Yes." The trouble is, I suppose, that the component parts of the picture are so superb that one forgets to look at the picture as a whole. As if one failed to consider the design of some superb necklace in admiration of the jewels of which it was composed. Not for a long time have I revelled in so many magnificent literary frescoes. There are descriptions in this last volume, for example, of old illuminated manuscripts, old churches and monasteries, old pictures, imaginary visions of old customs and old days which are so poetically, so perfectly expressed that one is tempted to read them over and over again, as one is tempted to gaze at some lovely view through a window when really one's presence there was to admire the room itself. Thus I read the first half of the present book, which deals with the very restrictions forced, as it were, the flower of artistic genius to reach at all costs the sunshine of achievement, entranced. The second half, which shows how gradually the genius of the northern nations invaded Italy and Spain and the East, to influence and well-nigh overwhelm them, was far less interesting. The final chapter was irrelevant, being purely personal and Sitwellian "superior." Rather like those disillusioning moments at the railway station, with all the bother of porters and ticket-collectors and seizing a corner seat, after an unforgettable sojourn in Rome. Nevertheless the book remains as evidence of how superbly Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell can write and how deeply he can interest us when he consents to remain quite impersonal except in his appreciation of beauty.

(Continued on p. 336)



SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A recent portrait of the much-travelled Indian poet-dramatist and author, who has been described at various times by various people as "the Indian Shakespeare," "the Indian Shelley," according as the fancy takes them. Sir Rabindranath Tagore has published over thirty poetical works alone and many prose ones, including novels, dramas, and so forth

old monastic life and how its were, the flower of artistic genius to reach at all costs the sunshine of achievement, entranced. The second half, which shows how gradually the genius of the northern nations invaded Italy and Spain and the East, to influence and well-nigh overwhelm them, was far less interesting. The final chapter was irrelevant, being purely personal and Sitwellian "superior." Rather like those disillusioning moments at the railway station, with all the bother of porters and ticket-collectors and seizing a corner seat, after an unforgettable sojourn in Rome. Nevertheless the book remains as evidence of how superbly Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell can write and how deeply he can interest us when he consents to remain quite impersonal except in his appreciation of beauty.

A DANDY LIONESS

By George Belcher



"The Doctor sez 'You've nothink to worry about, Mrs. Green,' 'e sez; 'your trouble is only functionable.' 'You'll pardon me,' I sez, 'but I never funked nothink in my life,' I sez"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

That Inferiority-Complex.

Sufferers from the inferiority-complex get little pity. In this life few people do get any pity who really need it; at any rate, just at the moment when they need it most. The shy are always misjudged. They have a far more miserable time than the wicked. Anna Madox, the heroine of "The Difficult Art" (Skeffington. 7s. 6d.), by Georgia Rivers, was terribly shy. She was young and not very strong, and she felt herself incompetent, which of course is the surest way of being totally inadequate for anything. Shyness and the inferiority-complex affect people in different ways. Some are irritatingly boisterous, as if they were trying all the time to cheat themselves into being what they know they are not, hating the knowledge. Others are irritatingly silent, as if dumbness were the better part of playing for safety. Anna, who worked in an office in Melbourne, tried to appear aloof. "I love business," she kept telling her father so often that if he had been wise to human psychology he would have known at once that she hated it. But Maurice Madox was simply a comfortable father. He never looked beyond his nose. Thus he did not see that his daughter was ill and unhappy, and that she spent all her spare time drawing and writing when she should have been out in the open air enjoying herself. The end of this very readable novel asks us to believe that even the inferiority-complex may be cured of its evil if only there be some outside influence which is inspiring and lends us courage. At any rate Anna found not only confidence but happiness through a girl in her own department; while her father, equally fortunate, met his first and only love and married her. There is nothing very fresh in the theme of this story, but it is so readably written, and with touches occasionally of such a delightful humour, that the tale seems to return to us in a new and refreshing guise. For a lonely evening over the fireside this novel should afford quiet but real entertainment.



Mistress (severely): Jane, when your master leaves his boots outside the bedroom door it means he wants them cleaning

Jane: Yes, mum, and what does it mean when he leaves them outside the front door?

Dramatic Short Stories.

I don't know why Katherine Brush called her collection of short stories "Difficult Women" (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). None of the women were especially difficult, at least not more so than most women. But what matters a title? These stories are excellent of their kind. One or two scarcely rise much above the magazine average, perhaps, but the remainder are really dramatic without ever being melodramatic. The worst that one can say of any of them is that they arouse one's interest so much that it is disappointing when they come to an end. Like reading the first chapter of a series of novels each of which promises to be unusual. Best of them all, perhaps, is the story entitled "Night Club," which tells of the old woman who kept the ladies' toilet in an expensive New York night club, and how comedy and tragedy were being enacted all around her, though she saw them not. When there was no woman to be attended to, she devoured the silly stories in some old magazine, because therein she found those vivid threads which compensated her for what she called "the drab pattern of her night." There is a sense of reality about this story which makes it

difficult to forget. Another good one tells of a woman who led a double life. She had two flats. In one she entertained her young son when he was on holiday from school. There she was as she wanted to be, a devoted mother, a housewife, a woman between forty and fifty and not caring. In the other flat she was the woman who kept a luxurious House of Call for rich men and girls who were not particular, except as to cash down. The proceeds from the latter just paid for the former. It also paid for her son's education, although he did not know it. Then one evening the youth turned up at the House of Call, taken there by a college friend to make a beano, and found—his mother! Essentially are these stories dramatic. Some of them ought to make excellent one-act plays. All of them are very well worth reading.

* * *

A Vivid Tale of Girl School Life.

I have never been anywhere near the inside of a girls' school, but I am quite certain that Priscilla Johnston's novel, "The Narrow World" (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.), is indisputably the real thing. From what I know of a boys' public school it rings true in every particular. And what a curious world it is! Narrow?

Yes. If one compares it with the world outside. Yet within its four walls are enacted both comedy and tragedy; acted too as seriously as if all depended upon their eventual outcome. As indeed it does in that narrow world, or even in the wider one. Women who remember the days when they were at school should revel in this story. However it ought to interest everyone if they be curious as to phases of other people's lives. It is the story of girls between twelve and seventeen. It isn't, however, in the least sentimental.

The girls talk

and act just as schoolgirls do seem to act and talk if ever you encounter masses of them detached from that dreary crocodile line in which schoolgirls seem invariably to walk abroad. The mistresses are merely sketched in; yet when they do appear one can visualise them quite well. Miss Johnston, however, concentrates on the girls themselves. On a little girl named Joyce particularly. We meet her first of all when she goes to the boarding school for the first time. The set to which she belongs, the new set which she tries to make for herself. The girl she worships in a school-girl's whole-hearted manner, until a flashy, worldly fellow-pupil lures her away, to lead her into wild escapades which culminate in her being threatened with expulsion. A narrow world though it be, one follows the vagaries of its denizens always with interest, because Miss Johnston's descriptions are almost photographic. It is, however, about as unlike the old-fashioned story of school life as can well be, but it seems to be extraordinarily life-like, closer indeed to actual facts. A remarkable picture of an important phase of girl-life; brilliantly carried out it seems to me.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor", on p. xxvi of this issue



THE BELL BUOY

Drawn by S. Dring

Through the blur of the whirling snow
 Or the black of the inky sleet,
 The lanterns gather and glow
 And I look for the homeward fleet.
 Rattle of block and sheet—
 "Ready about—stand by!"
 Shall I ask them a fee as they fetch the quay?
 (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

I dip, I surge, I swing,
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of Doom I sing,
 In the horns of death I ride.
 A ship length overside,
 Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide,
 Peril whereof I cry.
 Would I change with my brother a league in land?
 (Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HUMBER

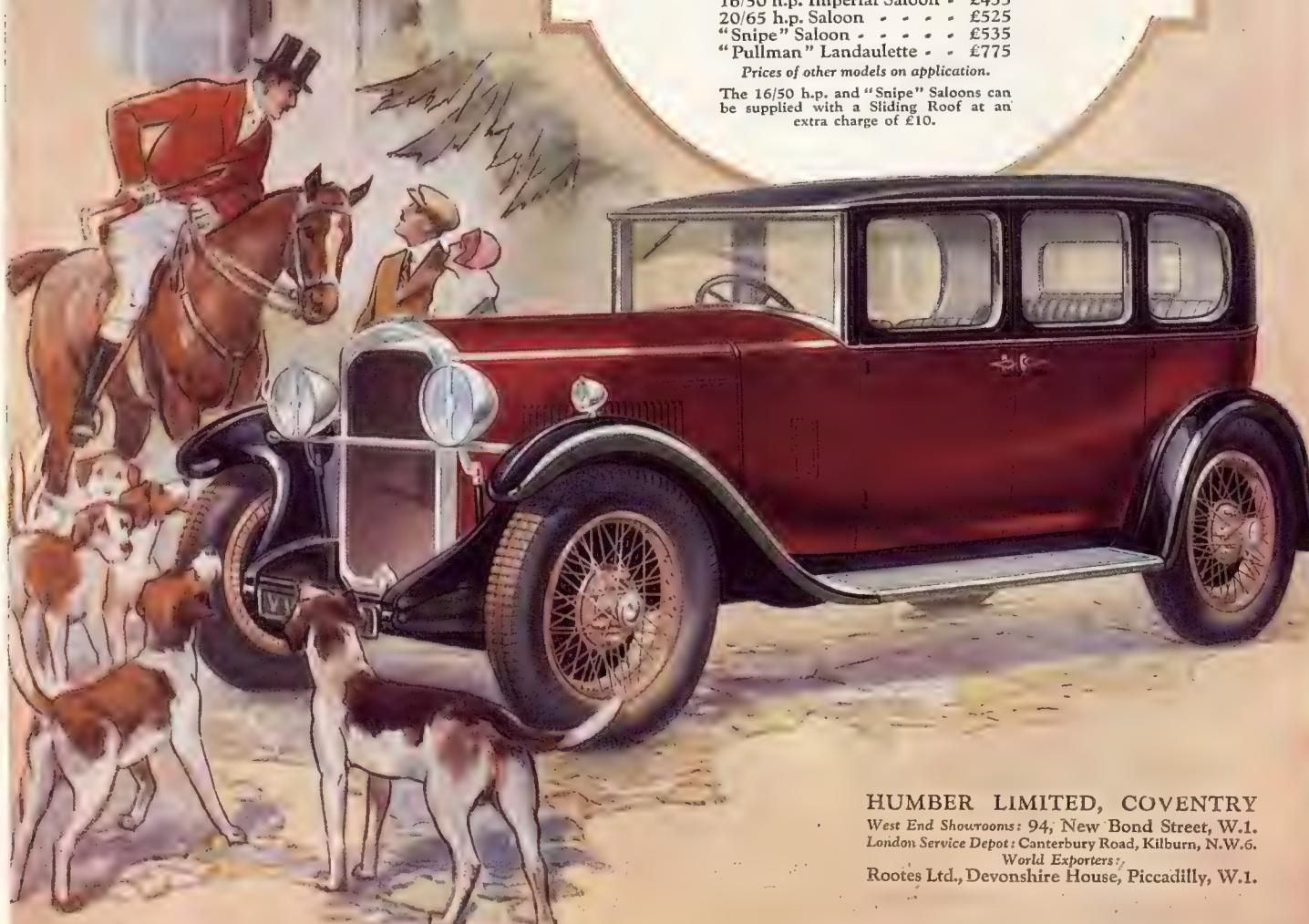
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9/28 h.p. Saloon	- - -	£295
16/50 h.p. Imperial Saloon	- - -	£435
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"Snipe" Saloon	- - -	£535
"Pullman" Landaulette	- -	£775

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We Have Here

A Page of Interesting Personalities



Yevonde
MISS SHERIDAN

Miss Margaret Sheridan, the only daughter of the brilliantly versatile Mrs. Clare Sheridan, has had a far more interesting upbringing than falls to the lot of most English girls. She went to school in Germany for a time, and has spent the last few years in North Africa, where her mother has a delightful home. Mrs. Sheridan, sculptor, author, and traveller, looks at life from an original angle, and the beaten track is anathema to her. Lady Crawley-Boevey, formerly Miss Elizabeth Innes, is the wife of Sir Lancelot Crawley-Boevey, who succeeded his father as seventh baronet in 1928. Their little boy, Thomas Michael Blake, will be two this year. Lieut.-Colonel George Philippi's wife is the younger daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt. She and her husband were staying at Claridge's last week, possibly en route for the Riviera, where they are usually to be found at this time of year, and where Colonel Philippi plays a lot of polo



Hay Wrightson
LADY CRAWLEY-BOEVEY AND HER SON



AT CRAWLEY COURT, WINCHESTER: MRS. GEORGE PHILIPPI AND HER DAUGHTER

Miss Compton Collier



M. AND MADAME MAURICE CHE VALIER

Two of the best-known people in all the theatrical world of Paris. Madame "Maurice" is, on the stage, Yvonne Vallée, and she and her husband have been on a more or less recent expedition to Hollywood film-making

TRÈS CHER.—The Bal des Petits Lits Blancs has been a greater success than ever this year. The sum raised for those "little white beds" that, alas, have always more would-be occupants waiting than charity can cope with, totalled over 1,500,000 francs. This function and that of the midnight *Fête de l'Union*—a circus performance given by successful members of the "legitimate stage" in order to endow their less fortunate fellow mummers with a home and old-age pensions—is one of the rare annual charitable events that really appeals to the masses. It is enjoyed by "Gastounet" and the *midinette* who saves up for her ticket alike, and though the "First Democrat of the Republic" no doubt has a more comfortable seat in his Presidential box than the lass who stands amongst the crowd, I doubt whether he enjoys himself more. It is really rather a lovely sight. The *Garde Municipale* on duty in full-dress uniform, the marvellous illuminations, the boxes occupied by well-dressed celebrities, the dancing floor (though whoever dances in that crowd), a mass of happy upturned faces, and between midnight and 2 a.m. all the theatrical stars of Paris, not to mention such visitors as Menjou and his wife, Alexander d'Arcy, who rushed over from London, the Fifteen Horace Heids Californians—jazz and mascot dog complete—Conchita Supervia and Mme. Lotta Schœne appear on the "Silver Bridge," a circular track that is suspended over the floor on a level with the first tier boxes.

* * *

Mistinguett was there of course with a bevy of Casino Boys-and-Girls. Plumes and pearls, smiles, huskiness, and legs. Jane Aubert was a welcomed new-comer to the Silver Bridge and made a most successful début—youthful, sweet-voiced, golden-haired, slim, and charming in white satin; another new star, Marie Dubas, the young Yvette Guilbert of to-day, beloved of the gallery and the stalls alike, was acclaimed by the crowd as I have rarely heard any *chanteuse* acclaimed. She is a dark-eyed and vibrant little creature with a husky-sweet voice to which she adds the rare talent of a perfect diction, she acts her songs with dramatic intensity, while her comedy is as human as Charlie Chaplin's. All these clever people were presented to the public by Saint-Granier in his wittiest manner. Maurice Chevalier was to have sung from

Priscilla in Paris

San Francisco, but at midnight Rugby announced that the New York transmission was delayed by reason of derangement on the New-York-Californian circuit, and after several false hopes the attempt had to be abandoned. A pity. It was also rather tantalising to know that at a rehearsal the night before everything had gone off beautifully, and the emission (or whatever you call it) had been perfect.

* * *

The Comtesse de Noailles, who was in a box with a party of political celebrities, gave one of her long golden gloves to be auctioned after having signed it, and caused her friends to do likewise. Another few thousand francs to the good cause. Jean Borotra was there with golden-haired Mlle. Diana of the Folies Wagram; they were joined in their box by George Carpenter, who appeared on the Silver Bridge, not in the guise of a boxer, but as the member of the Kinema Korporation! Tardieu, who has left the Naval Conference in order to return to Paris for Reasons-of-State, was also present. Stout fella . . . I've always had a weakness for them there lads what knows how to combine business and pleasure. In short, Très Cher, it really was a most enjoyable evening, and you simply must come over for this event next year. Another charity function that is to take place this month is the gala performance of *Les Petites Michus* at the Salle d'Iéna on February 23. This is to raise funds for a cause that is so worthy, so necessary, that no mere words can add to the eloquent appeal contained in the designation of the work itself.

* * *

It is for the Centre-École pour la Lutte Anti-Cancéreuse de Charonne. The fight against cancer! Those two terrific little syllables that stand for the silent menace that hovers like the sword of Damocles above the world. This Centre-École has been founded by Dr. Robert Proust, the eminent surgeon and cancer specialist, not only to operate, to care for, and to alleviate the sufferings of indigent cancer patients, but also to train special nurses and settlement workers to be on the alert for certain slight symptoms, certain pathological conditions that in most cases would be ignored till too late.—PRISCILLA.



FRÄULEIN ANNIE MARKART

The beautiful Viennese actress wearing one of the last words in close-fitting hats which have an artificial silk braiding as their only ornament. Fräulein Markart is off to America very shortly to fulfil a big contract.



MLLE. MUSIDORA IN THE FRENCH FILM PLAY, "JUDEX"

Arip

Musidora, who wore this attractive souris d'hôtel maillot in the film play "Judex," is one of the most popular actresses in the Provinces in France, and her triumphs are by no means confined to the movie department of art. In private life she is the wife of Dr. Clement Marot and they have a charming little daughter



D'Oré, Paris

MLLE. JANE AUBERT IN "GOOD NEWS"



(MLLE. JEANNE CHEVREL—THE PARISIAN "MARY DUGGAN")

Arip

One of the little sensations of the Parisian winter season has been provided by beautiful Mlle. Jane Aubert, the leading lady in "Good News" at the Palace Theatre, Paris, who is being sued by her husband, Mr. Nelson Morris of Chicago, to restrain her from appearing on the stage which, he alleges, she undertook to abandon when they were married a year ago. Jeanne Chevrel is the Mary in the French version of "The Trial of Mary Duggan," which has had a great success in Paris

AT THE NEW COLL. AND MAGDALEN GRIND



MRS. O. PEARCE AND MR. MORROUGH O'BRIEN.



MISS HOPE-VERE, MISS MITFORD, AND MR. ST. CLAIR ERSKINE.



LORD AND LADY BEARSTED SNAPPED BETWEEN RACES



LORD DALMENY AND HIS SISTER.



MISS PATRICIA SCOTT



MRS. WEATHERBY AND CAPTAIN PAWSON

The New College and Magdalen Grind, or otherwise point-to-point steeplechases, were run over a good line at Oddington, near Islip, and, as was fitting to such an occasion, excited the customary amount of eagerness and emulation amongst the competitors and provided a definite measure of thrill for the onlookers. Lord Dalmeny, who has inherited his father's hard-riding proclivities, and goes very well with the Whaddon, of which Lord Rosebery will still continue to be Master next season, took a baddish fall riding Miss Magee in the Nomination Race. The mare rolled clean over him, but luckily the saddle missed him, and nothing was broken. Lord Dalmeny finished second in the New College Challenge Cup. He is up at New. There were plenty of falls otherwise also, but no one was hurt badly, but when it is as cold as the North Pole even a harmless bumper hurts twice as much as when it is nice and warm. Mr. S. J. Bucknill and Mr. J. K. Matheson both hit the deck with Annie Rooney and Easterwood respectively, but were only shaken. Mrs. Pearce was formerly Lady Inverclyde (née Miss Olive Sainsbury), and she is very keen on foxhunting. Lord and Lady Bearsted hunt with both the Bicester and the Warwickshire hounds. Lord Bearsted has a house near Banbury



Cecil Beaton

LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY, M.P.

The wife of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster since 1929, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., Member for Smethwick. Lady Cynthia Mosley, who was elected Labour Member for Stoke-upon-Trent at the General Election, is the second of the three daughters of the late Marquess Curzon by his first wife, who was the beautiful Miss Mary Leiter and a sister of the present Lady Suffolk. The eldest of the three sisters is Lady Ravensdale, who is so well known in the hunting world of Leicestershire, and the youngest is Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, who married Major E. D. Metcalfe in 1925

THE PASSING SHOWS



MR. HERBERT MARSHALL (MICHAEL) AND MISS EDNA BEST (MARY)

The eventually famous author whose bigamous marriage to the lovely and virtuous Mary is discovered by the publication of her photograph in the papers. It is then the row starts, as her brutal but very much alive husband pounces on them and is out for blackmail; the effort is too much for his heart and he dies conveniently

MR. MILNE'S game of Consequences goes like this. Edna Best (Mary) met Herbert Marshall (Michael) in the British Museum. He was wearing a seedy straw hat and one of those waistcoats which gave a young man's shirt and tie no chance in 1905. She was wearing a prune-coloured two-piece down to her toes, heavily embroidered, and a small squashed cushion disguised as a hat. He said to her, "I am waiting to take a pretty lady out to lunch. Don't be alarmed if I talk to you till she comes." She said to him, "Go away and leave me alone to starve."

The consequences were that sixteen months later they



THE ARM OF THE LAW

Mr. Reginald Bach as P.C. Cuff, a romantic member of the Force with literary leanings. We leave him stumbling perilously near the truth of Michael and Mary's bigamy!

"Michael and Mary," at the St. James' Theatre

committed bigamy, and *the world said*, two Acts later, "Isn't this a jolly play. Too perfectly sweet. Of course, I *adore* Edna Best. . . ."

Michael was a struggling young author living in Islington (because Lamb once lived there or rooms were cheap; he wasn't sure which). Mary was a deserted wife of twenty, homeless, penniless, and hating men.

In real life the tardy arrival of Michael's *innamorata*, feather boa, bell sleeves and all, would doubtless have shattered as decorous a romance as ever came out of Mr. Milne's head. Mercifully these snappings of half-forged links are worlds away from the footlights. The feather boa floated cattily away and Michael had a brain-wave. Mary should have half of his fortune (£200).



MR. J. FISHER WHITE
Michael's "difficult" clerical father, who innocently accelerates Michael and Mary's virtuous adventure in bigamy

Once a week they would meet and tell each other how they were getting on. Mary accepted, gave him the kind of limp look which would have melted the Albert Hall, and suddenly kissed his hand. Michael retaliated with a slap on the back audible in St. James' Street, and so ended a very charming and wistful adventure, very charmingly and wistfully played in the minor key by two major exponents of affecting unaffectedness.

Michael's grandfather had been a draper, which explains the acute cloth-consciousness of his father, a parson with a kindly heart and a fire-and-brimstone manner. A garrulous landlady had supplied his reverence with details of the young lady who occupied the bed-sitting-room below. Michael confessed to being in love with Mary. His father, pleading for self-respect, quoted Milton, and demanded a promise that the two, being too poor to marry in comfort, should renounce the temptation of living together. Michael, inspired with a plan to "live dangerously," quoted Shakespeare and promised. Either he would marry Mary at once or leave her for ever.

Michael then proposed to Mary, and was bigamously accepted. So ended another charming interlude, enlivened by the grammatical aberrations of Miss Margaret Scudamore, the white-haired zeal of Mr. J. Fisher White, and a typical "A.A.M." account of the acceptance of Michael's first novel by Mr. Chapman and Mr. Hall which might have been snipped from "Punch" of 1912, when "the Rabbits" — Simpson, Archie, Myra, and Co. — were in their hey-day.

Act II (1919) discovers Michael ("the well-known author") as the owner of a comfortable income, a flat in Chelsea, and a son at school. Arrives by post a superb letter from David.



NERMAN

MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH

The villain of the piece, Mary's husband, who in learning of her bigamous marriage comes to life and threatens blackmail. Michael begins to throw him out of the house, and having a weak heart he is so obliging as to die on the spot

moments of the play, the scheme worked out against time and rehearsed in every detail by Michael and Mary to hoodwink the police. The police inspector is politic, considerate, friendly. Michael's story of the "old soldier" trick is plausible enough. *But*—. One suspects that the inspector suspects. Anxiety is in the air.

Standing at the door is Constable Cuff, "a bit of a writer himself, sir." Michael and Mary have left the room. "And what do you think about it all, Cuff?" demands the inspector. Cuff's answer shatters the whole fabric of carefully-built-up suspense. He opines that the corpse is the lady's first husband who has returned from South America and that death is due to some mysterious poison concocted by the Indians. The italics are mine. The perverse, destructive, bathos is Mr. Milne's. A plague on Whimsy, Flimsy, and Mimsy, that weird elfin sisterhood whose cauldron is embossed with the Barrie coat-of-charms!

In Act III—Michael in even more magnificent circumstances, 1929—one may learn what Mr. Milne thinks about the Bright Young People who drink too many cocktails, those who are respectable little Conservatives and don't, marriage on

all about the thirty-five runs at a penny apiece plus half-a-crown, and how much do bloodhounds cost, because Carter's father keeps them and Carter says . . .

This chirping of St. Christopher's Robin warmed all hearts, raised a round of maternal applause, and set the seal of anticipation on the appearance of Mr. Frank Lawton in the next Act. Meanwhile the blow falls. Mary's first husband, a flashy, plausible scoundrel, invades the flat by the stratagem of pretending to be her rich uncle. Just as Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith is getting into his stride as an entertaining villain, Michael hustles him to the door, and the thwarted blackmailer falls dead behind the sofa. Heart failure.

Now come the most ingenious

the spur of the moment, and other incidentals of family history and charm more or less repeating itself. David, who has always called his father Binks and his mother Bubbles, is the perfect son. But most fathers would have voiced some kind of mild protest, when the boy confessed to marrying Romo (Miss Elizabeth Allan) that very morning. It was their reaction to some cad's foul words at a cocktail party. The libertine had suggested that even David's irreproachable father would probably be obliged to confess to at least one bastard. David, his clean mind caught on the Victorian rebound, hit the swine in the jaw and fled. Romo met him on the doorstep, and immediate marriage seemed the only way of clearing the air. Michael summoned Mary and began to tell the story of their crime. Black-out, lights up, departure of all understanding and forgiving Youth on its honeymoon, and a final exchange of idyllic murmurings between the bigamists. But not until Mr. Reginald Bach, now promoted sergeant, had butted in to announce the result of his investigations in a "deserted mother" case in which the villain was none other than the man who had died in Michael's flat twenty-three years ago. Cuff's retirement to take up the threads of ancient history and report progress left a faint mark of interrogation to the happy ending. But happily it is impossible to believe that Michael's middle-age was seriously threatened by even six months in the second division.



NERMAN

MISS MARGARET SCUDAMORE

As Mrs. Tullivant, Michael's garrulous landlady in his Islington days when he is a struggling novelist

standing and forgiving Youth on its honeymoon, and a final exchange of idyllic murmurings between the bigamists. But not until Mr. Reginald Bach, now promoted sergeant, had butted in to announce the result of his investigations in a "deserted mother" case in which the villain was none other than the man who had died in Michael's flat twenty-three years ago. Cuff's retirement to take up the threads of ancient history and report progress left a faint mark of interrogation to the happy ending. But happily it is impossible to believe that Michael's middle-age was seriously threatened by even six months in the second division.

Mr. Marshall clips his sentences with manly ease, Miss Best in tender wistfulness is still the Constant Tessa, Mr. Reginald Bach leaves behind a thumbnail sketch of character in his best comedy manner, and Mr. Frank Lawton adds another corner-stone to the Young Woodley foundation. This skilful mixture of charm and pathos, with its plea for brighter bigamy in the best of taste, makes a pleasant entertainment. It was rapturously received, and should run for months.

Mr. Milne's twenty million admirers will probably proclaim it as his *chef d'œuvre*. Can twenty million admirers be wrong? "TRINCULO."



DAVID (MR. FRANK LAWTON) AND ROMO (MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN)
The up-to-date son of Michael and Mary and his up-to-date bride. Marriage on the spur of the moment is their reaction to a cocktail party where young people are not only Bright but Bad. Which shows that David is as respectably conservative as his father

AFTER THE COTTESMORE HUNT BALL



LORD ERNE, MRS. BAIRD, AND LADY LONDONDERRY



LORD AND LADY BURGHLEY



LADY DALKEITH AND LADY WEYMOUTH



MR. WELDON, MISS FEILDING, AND THE MISSES LOEFFLER



LADY MILDMAJ OF FLETE AND HER DAUGHTER

Lord Exeter's son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Burghley, have been enjoying some good fun with the Fitzwilliam this season, and were photographed when hounds were at the Haycock, the famous old posting inn near Peterborough. Lord Exeter is a former Master of the Fitzwilliam. The remainder of these pictures were taken with the Cottesmore at Stoke Dry the morning after the Hunt Ball. A big party from Burghley House went to this successful prancing party, which was held at Oakham with Lord Londonderry and Major Baird, M.F.H., as two of the nineteen stewards. Lord Erne was staying with Major and Mrs. Baird at Deanscroft for the occasion. Lady Dalkeith and Lady Weymouth showed no signs at the meet of having danced into the small hours, and Miss Margaret Loeffler and her sister Elizabeth were also taking exercise on foot. They were both staying at Stapleford with Miss Loeffler's future in-laws. Mr. Tommy Weldon is the second and tallest of Lady Weldon's three elongated and popular sons. Lady Mildmay of Flete took several young people to the Cottesmore Ball, including her only daughter, the Hon. Helen Mildmay.

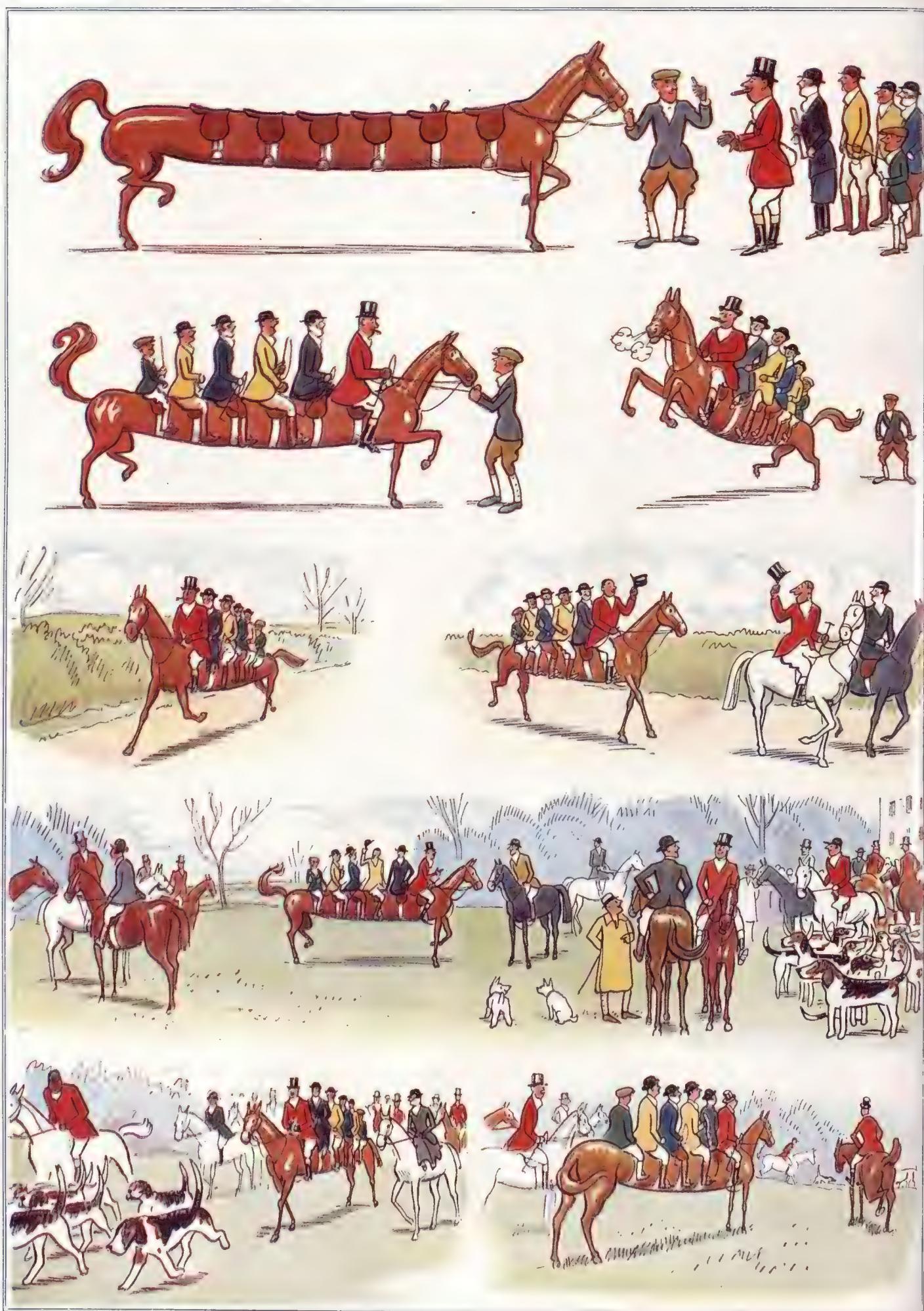
A PONY ON THE FIELD



THE BIG GUNS AT NORTHOLT PARK

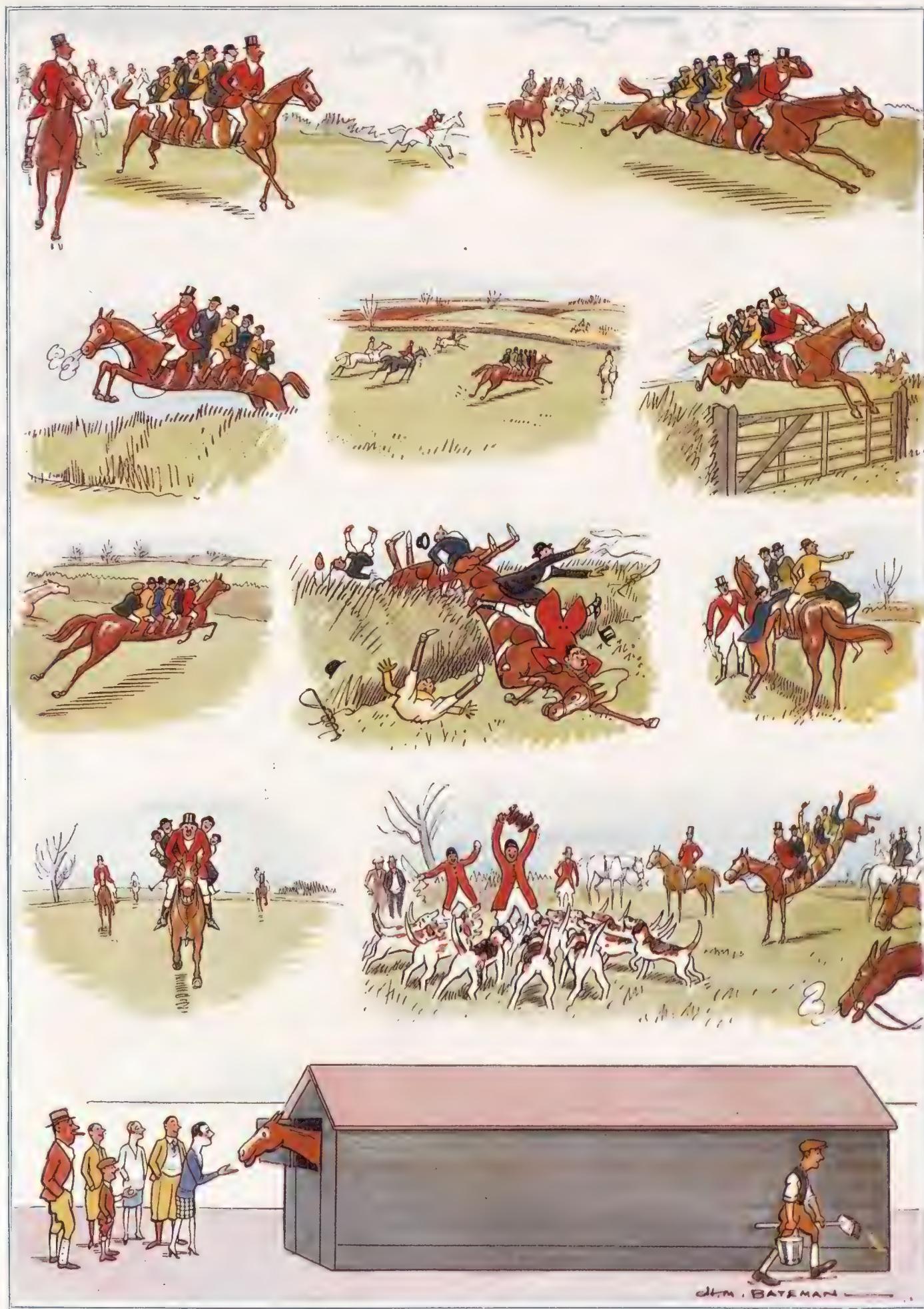
By "The Tout"

The key to this picture of the leading characters at Northolt Park, the G.H.Q. of the Pony Turf Club, left to right, up and down the picture, is: Commander F. L. Pestell (Clerk of the Scales), left bottom corner, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Lowes, Colonel A. Young (Handicapper), Mr. James Todd (Chairman of Northolt), Mr. A. Whitworth (Secretary), Major-General C. L. Gregory (Steward), Mr. G. T. Eaton and Major Mellor (Stewards), Lady Aylesford, Sir T. R. A. Morris, and Colonel E. A. Porch, bottom right corner (Judge)



THE FAMILY HORSE FOR KEPPE

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained



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T. NISBET

BOTH SIDES OF THE FISH-POND!



A CASTILIAN GROUP AT THE BEAUX ARTS BALL IN NEW YORK

In the Castilian Group at this highly artistic function to which all New York Society goes the names, left to right, are: Mr. Mortimer McGuiness, Mrs. Carol Wainwright, Prince George of Russia, Miss Beth Leary, Mr. Angus Mackintosh, Mrs. Jules Glaenzer, and Mr. Carol Wainwright. The Beaux Arts Ball in New York is one of the big events of their winter season. The group published above is one of the Court of King Ferdinand of Castile. Dante's "Inferno" and the French and Spanish Renaissance periods were also represented.



IN "MACBETH"—

THE WITCHES: MR. H. H. GOVERNE, MR. E. LOUSADA,
AND MR. N. BANFORTH

The O.U.D.S. production of "Macbeth" with Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as a somewhat diminutive Queen was very well done at the New Theatre in Oxford, and Mr. Valentine Dyall (Christ Church) was a convincing success as the murderous king. There was an innovation in this production as the three witches were interpreted as an hallucination in Macbeth's brain. The scene was played behind a veil.



—BY THE O.U.D.S.

MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES (Lady Macbeth) AND MR. VALENTINE DYALL (Macbeth)

ALL IN THE DAY'S PLAY ACROSS THE SEA



THE "ONSLOW ORPHEANS" IN SWITZERLAND: Mr. Bob Salmon, Miss Annesley, Miss Dodo Annesley, and Miss R. Leetham, with Major Harold Whinney



A COOL CORNER: Mrs. Strange and her daughter taking the air on skis at Leysin-Feydey



AT PALM BEACH: Mrs. R. Arnicotts Wilson and Sir Hugh Seely



A ROYAL AUDIENCE IN STOCKHOLM: Prince Carl, the Crown Princess of Norway, Princess Ingeborg, and Prince Eugene of Sweden



THE MAN IN POSSESSION: M. André at the Cannes Casino

News from various localities abroad is pictorially chronicled on this page. The "Onslow Orpheans" have often played in London, and lately the four members of this orchestra have been making melody at the Post Bodenhaus Hotel at Splügen. Miss Annesley and her sister are cousins of Priscilla Lady Annesley, and Miss Leetham will be recognised by golfers as the Captain of the Yorkshire ladies county team. Mrs. J. Strange and her little girl are evidently of the opinion that "the higher the fewer" is the right line to go on where winter sports clothes are concerned. At any rate they find bathing suits a quite adequate outfit while ski-ing at 6,000 ft. From Florida comes the picture of smart Mrs. Arnicotts Wilson of New York and Sir Hugh Seely, who have been sampling the Palm Beach sun. Sir Hugh Seely used to be in the Grenadiers, and owns Sherwood Lodge in Nottinghamshire as well as a house in "the Island." The circular group was taken at Stockholm Academy of Music during a recital of the works of famous Norwegian poets. The recital opened the Norwegian Week, promoted by "Norden," a society organised to give expression to Scandinavian culture. The Crown Princess of Norway was Princess Marthe of Sweden before her marriage to Prince Olaf. M. André, whose genial personality is well known to habitués of Cannes and Deauville, owns the Casinos at these delectable spots, and also has vast hotel interests in France



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM

Miss Leila Hyams, the beautiful blonde movie star, who has had a good success in one of the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, "The Idle Rich," and also in many others, including "Summer Bachelors"—which drew from someone the remark "And some are not"—"The Kick Off," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "One Round Hogan," the Carnera of his own set in the gladiatorial world. Miss Leila Hyams was born in the U.S.A., and both her parents were on the stage

RUGBY RAMBLINGS

PEOPLE tell me that the good folk of Dublin were intensely pessimistic about the result of the England v. Ireland game, and were proportionately delighted over their victory, near thing as it was. Precisely why they should have adopted this attitude it is difficult to understand, since the English victory over Wales, which presumably had chilled the feet of the Irish Rugby enthusiasts, was obviously due to the impotence of the Welsh forwards rather than to any outstanding merit on the part of the Englishmen.

Anyhow Ireland won, and deserved to win, so no more need be said about that. We are now concerned with the visit of France to Twickenham next Saturday, when there is certain to be a desperate struggle. France has the distinction of being the only unbeaten side in the National Championship, and though they have never won at Twickenham they have every intention of doing so this time.

To that end, since four kegs of wine served them so well at Belfast, they are bringing six with them to England, thereby assuring a plentiful supply of what a young friend of mine calls "the team spirit." They nearly won eight years ago, England just contriving to draw by the aid of two penalty goals, and if they do manage to pull it off this time they will be entitled to very hearty congratulations.

There are rumours to the effect that some of the French officials and players are complaining bitterly of the refereeing of Mr. B. S. Cumberlege in the Ireland v. France match at Belfast. They will do themselves no good by such actions as this; they are not

the only country with a grievance of this kind. In an all too lengthy experience as a spectator of International football I have seen some dreadful exhibitions of refereeing, and more than one nation has been adjudged as losers when they actually won. But it was never any use grousing about it; the referee is the sole judge, and no outside authority can alter his decisions. Our friends the French must learn to suffer in silence, as other countries have had to in their turn.

Not that there is, in all human probability, any ground for their criticism of "Cumber," who is at least the equal of any official of to-day. He belongs to the class of A. O. Jones, the best wielder of the whistle in Rugby history, F. C. Potter-Irwin in his best days, and A. E. Freethy. People in the stands often differ from the referee, but in nine cases out of ten he is right. He sees more than they do, and is in a far better position to judge. Moreover he has no axe to grind, and is strictly impartial, whereas most spectators have a leaning to one side or the other.

My complaint about referees in general has little to do with their actual decisions, rather is it concerned with their reluctance to inflict the proper penalties. Frequently they order a scrum after a deliberate infringement of the off-side rule, a

mandate which is absolutely contrary to the law on the subject. They show far too much patience in the matter of getting the ball into the scrummage. It is ludicrous to allow an erring half-back or forward half-a-dozen attempts. The present confused condition of this phase of the game is, I believe, largely due to the lack of firmness on the part of referees.

The attention of all referees should be called to a phrase in law 14: "A rebound is not a knock-on." Most officials whistle at once when a player, usually the full-back, fails to make a catch and the ball falls forward. Yet only very rarely is there any propelling movement of the hand or arm; often the ball does not touch them at all but rebounds from the chest or body. Yet the whistle goes at once, the game is stopped unnecessarily, and very likely one side is denied the application of the vantage rule.

At the moment of writing the names of the English team against France are not known, but more or less intelligent anticipation leads one to expect two or three changes. One of these will probably be in the pack, thus remedying a mistake which was plain enough at Cardiff but of which the selectors ought never to have been guilty. W. H. Sobey, it is to be hoped, will be well enough to resume his place, for A. Key is not playing as well as he was a few weeks ago.

There will also, in all probability, be a change in the three-quarter line, and A. L. Novis may be found in the centre, though in that case the selectors will be faced with the task of finding another wing. These Frenchmen are terribly fast, we are told, so H. P. Jacob may

receive favourable consideration. He was at Dublin as a reserve, I believe, though that does not necessarily mean that he gets in when next there is a change. So the history of Rugby teaches us, at any rate.

The Navy pulled off their match with the R.A.F. all right, but may have to do a little better if they are to beat the Army on March 1. They possessed more finishing power than the airmen, who struggled gallantly enough, but usually failed near the line. J. G. Llewellyn and R. V. M. Odert, the old Irish International, were their best men outside, and the veteran J. C. Russell was most useful. The forwards strove hard, but no doubt lacked the leadership of G. R. Beamish.

T. S. Lee was the star of the Navy backs, for G. M. Sladen is not the man he was a year ago. W. H. Wood got a try and did a lot of work, and the halves were full of promise. The handling on both sides, by the way, was probably influenced by the bitterly cold wind, which must have accounted for many a dropped pass. C. G. Gosling was a splendid full-back who seems to have found a yard or two more pace this season. The forwards packed smoothly, and W. E. G. Luddington hooked successfully, but one has seen Navy forwards with more dash in the loose.

"LINE-OUT."



CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN ERIC GREENWOOD AND THEIR CHILDREN

Captain Greenwood, who was married in 1921 to Miss Doris Radford, played for Cambridge in five Inter-Varsity matches. His school was Dulwich and his college King's.

He served all through the War with the East Surrey Regiment

“Off with its Head!”

cried the Queen



“Nonsense!” cried Alice. “Guinness keeps its head!”

“Oh, does it!” said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice.

“Yes,” murmured the King, and continued dreamily, “Guinness is never without that ‘Head’: it is the sign of the finest Barley, Malt and Hops blended in a perfect brew. That characteristic creamy foam appears as if by magic and lingers like—like—”

“Like the grin of the Cheshire Cat!” said Alice.

“That’s right!” shouted the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the Guinness. “Can you play croquet?”

“Yes!” said Alice.

“Come on, then!” roared the Queen. “Guinness builds strong muscles for sport!” And Alice heard her telling everyone on the croquet ground, “Guinness keeps its head!” But while they were playing the Executioner made away with the Guinness—head and all.



GUINNESS

KEEPS ITS HEAD



G.E.72A

MAJOR GODFREY HESELTINE AND HIS BASSET HOUNDS Bale

The Walhampton Basset hounds, which that popular personality, Major Godfrey Heseltine, has had since 1920, hunt over a bit of Leicestershire in the Lutterworth region. Major Heseltine, who, of course, is very well known in the polo world, is an ex-Master of the Essex Union and the Ooty. In this group are Major Barrington Brown, Major Heseltine, Mrs. Mills, wife of the Chairman of the Fernie, Mr. Clem Watson, and Mrs. Alexander

IT is a hard world for anyone who has to endeavour to keep the wolf from the door armed only with the *arme blanche* of the pen and the projectile of the ink bottle, and even at times when all other persons are doing a thing called junket—I always thought it was some stuff you drank through a straw—we slaves of the pen have to carry on, grin, and try to make you bear it, while endeavouring to conceal under an unbecoming smirk the nasty wet fish misery which lies just below the surface. Probably anyone who has to write anything about horses, or hounds, or foxes, or fox-hunters, even if his sphere of operations is confined solely to recording the doings of the Gee-Up and Whoa-Petshire hounds, has quite enough to do. But if you have to be a kind of Scotland Yard of the Foxhunt *avec Flying Squad*, Third Degree Inquisitors and Ogpu all complete, and answer all and sundry enquiries, and still continue to maintain friendly and diplomatic relations with your clientèle, customers, or public, the task is one that would have made even that wicked man King Sisyphus go a bit hot under the collar—excepting, of course, that he would have been hot enough all over in any case when he was doing his famous push-the-stone-up-the-hill act in Hades as a punishment for all the mail-bag robberies, bogus-company promotions, and general dirty work he had done when he was King of the Corinthians—the G.R.'s, as I suppose, of his time.

* * *

Hunting enquiries are, of course, all in the day's work, and speaking for myself, I have always endeavoured to answer these truthfully to the utmost limit of my poor ability. Such things as "Must you Wear Spurs at Breakfast?" "Which is the Best Way to Blow the Nose on Horseback?" "How Often Have Proposals of Marriage—or Otherwise—Proved Efficacious on the Horseback?" "Is Kissing Safe—Mounted?" and so forth and so on, are quite easy. But there are other questions which are not so—particularly veterinary ones—and if I get any more like one I have just had I shall send them on to my old and trusted friend, "Flash Alf" (ex-M.F.H., Peshawur Vale), and present M.B. (Master of Beagles, not Bachelor of Medicine), and demand that he produces the right answers.

* * *

Now, how would you answer this:—

"What are the most common diseases to which horses are prone?"

It takes a bit of thinking out, does not it? The principal diseases from which I have found horses suffering I think may be catalogued as follows: (1) Homicidal Mania, (2) Epilepsy, (3) St.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Vitus' Dance, (4) Rickets, (5) Paranoia, or Exaggerated Ego, (6) Cerebro-spinal Atrophy, (7) Myosis, a disease of the eye which apparently makes a bit of newspaper in the road appear to be the size of a 6-ft. wall, (8) Toothache, very common amongst racehorses, and (9) Hydrophobia, a particularly noticeable disease quite often when you happen to be in a country where brooks are plentiful.

* * *

Probably of these Homicidal Mania and Paranoia are the most common, and under certain well-defined circumstances the most dangerous. The former, for instance, is most awkward if a fit comes on when there is nothing in front for the next three fields—or even two—but newly-erected ash-rails with ditches with greasy take-offs if in front, or rotten bad landings if on the far side. Paranoia, or Exaggerated Ego, you can, if you are determined, overcome in almost any situation excepting on the tarmac. A horse suffering from Paranoia on the black ice is not merely dangerous but a dirty coward, because he knows you cannot get at him and do that which is necessary to restore him to a normal condition. St. Vitus' Dance attacks some horses when hacking home after a long day during which, whenever it has been necessary to halt, say to avoid knocking over the Master or jumping on a hound, have behaved in a thoroughly vulgar manner, going up on end like a dog that has been taught to beg, lashing out at everything within reach in a gateway, or believing that you are out horse-back riding purely with the object of giving a rodeo exhibition of the "Ride 'im Cowboy" kind instead of to enjoy the fox-hunt in a peaceable, decent, and—if it must be—absolutely intrepid manner. There is, of course, that other disease, asinine jawbone—in humans, when applied to some public-speakers, it is called Balaam's Disease—and it usually is found in a horse with a single-reined snaffle on him, which the vendor, or would-be vendor, says, "'e always goes in it—no vice you know—and if you don't pull at 'im, 'e won't pull at you!" This list, I think, covers most of the most common diseases of the horse, though of course there are many others of which veterinary readers of these notes, and especially "Flash Alf," may be able to think.

(Continued on p. viii)

MR. TONY BELLVILLE AND CAPTAIN FRANK BELLVILLE Bale

With the Fernie hounds a short time ago. Mr. Tony Bellville, who is with his father, married Miss Audrey Kidston, and had a bad motor smash very shortly afterwards. Captain Bellville has also been in the wars this season, as he had a heavy fall out hunting not so long ago



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MR. LUPINO LANE

Who has come home all the way from Hollywood to play in "Silver Wings," just about to open at the Dominion Theatre. Lupino Lane has been devoting himself almost exclusively to the movies in America of recent times, but London cannot do without him. This picture shows him in one of the many films in which he has been

THE son of the house had been sent to try to borrow a gardening fork from the next-door neighbour. "Dad said will you lend him your fork?" he asked.

The neighbour was very strict about manners. "But haven't you forgotten something?" he asked, sternly.

Tommy looked puzzled for a moment, until suddenly he remembered: "Oh, yes," he cried, "Dad said if the old miser refuses, try Mr. Jones next door."

* * *

"How many strokes have I taken at this hole?" asked the indifferent golfer of his caddie.

"I have lost count," was the reply.

"But it's your job to remember," said the golfer angrily.

"You don't want a caddie to go round with you—you want an accountant," was the retort.

* * *

AN employer was interviewing a boy who had replied to his advertisement for an office boy. "Are your mother and father both living?" he asked.

"My mother is, sir, but not my father," was the reply.

"When did you lose your father?"

"I don't quite know, sir, but my mother celebrated the event in October."

* * *

MOTHER had been trying to teach her little daughter to be more polite. "Just you see how good she is at dinner-time," she boasted to her husband.

When dinner came, the sweet happened to be jam-roll. "Betty," said her mother, "will you have some more pudding?"

"No!" replied the daughter.

"No what, Betty dear?"

"No fear, mother."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood used to tell an amusing story about himself. It was during the Gallipoli campaign, and he had gone up into one of the front-line trenches to see how things were progressing when suddenly a nearby private, an Australian, called out, "Duck your b——head, Birdie."

"And," inquired a friend to whom he related the story, "what did you do?"

"Why, ducked my b——head, of course," replied the great soldier.

* * * - *

BILL, the engine-driver, was a keen wireless fan. All his spare hours were given to building a new set, which he would proudly exhibit to his long-suffering friends when they called. One day his brother dropped in, and Bill bore him off to

look at the latest result of his handiwork. "Yes," he said impressively, as he twirled the knobs, "I built it myself you know."

"I can quite believe that," said the brother with brotherly candour. "It whistles at every station."

* * * - *

A foursome was being played, one of the golfers belonging to that school which insists on the ball being deposited on a sort of sand castle when the drive from the teeing ground is attempted. On this occasion he topped the ball, which settled down more easily in the "tee." His partner strenuously demanded his niblick from his caddie, and with a mighty stroke sent the ball high up in the air, to fall again some twenty yards off in rough ground.

"What on earth did you take your niblick for?" queried the first player.

"Niblick!" replied the second, "what else could I take? Jolly good shot, too, I consider, out of the bunker!"



MITZI GREEN

The only very young child ever placed under contract. She makes her screen debut for Paramount Pictures as an impersonator in "Paramount on Parade"



MISS LILLIAN ROTH

The beautiful young star who is appearing in the film version of "The Vagabond King," a Paramount picture, and also in some more of the firm's productions. Dancing is Miss Roth's long suit, and she is seen here in one of her numbers.

IN THE NEWS OF THE MOMENT



THE COMING WESTMINSTER-PONSONBY WEDDING

The Duke of Westminster's luncheon party at Bourdon House, Berkeley Square, with the bride of Thursday next (February 20), Miss Loelia Ponsonby, and the bridegroom in the centre. On the extreme left is Mrs. Arthur James, next to her the Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas; and on the other side Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Lady Serena James. Others in the picture are Sir A. Rawlinson, Captain Clewes, and Major Basil Kerr.



AT LINGFIELD: MISS SPENCER, CAPTAIN BROOK AND LADY AINSWORTH



JUST MARRIED: MR. AND MRS. KENNETH HICKS



AT LINGFIELD: MISS JOBSON AND MR. P. T. HARMSWORTH

The Lingfield snapshots were taken the day Gregalach, last year's Grand National winner, gave us such a smooth performance against the speedy Gib as to encourage a belief that he might repeat long-past history in the great 'chase and get a right and left. Lady Ainsworth is the wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Master of the Tipperary hounds. Mr. Kenneth Hicks, who is in the Rifle Brigade, and his bride, who was Miss Rosamonde Kaye, were caught by the camera-sniper just after their wedding at Brompton Parish Church.



AT THE BROCKLESBY POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. G. Pretyman, who won a race, Lord Yarborough, M.F.H., Miss K. Pretyman, and a friend, photographed at Welbeck Hill, where this good meeting was held. Lord Yarborough has been Master of the Brocklesby, the family pack, since 1880

Res Novæ.

FRANCIS BACON, Lord Verulam, in describing how a forty-acre garden should be constructed, and, if my memory serves me aright, referring to some mileage of raspberry bed, says "All these things are but toys." And I suppose he is right, for as we grow older, that which was once of serious importance and great magnitude becomes a "toy." Now I find that a motor-car is the nicest toy in the world, but I am afraid that I have ceased to be the good little boy with my toys that once I was. One time I used almost to welcome a puncture because it gave me the opportunity of playing with tools and showing how clever I was at changing a wheel. Or I would sometimes gratuitously change a set of plugs, changing for changing's sake and not because the first lot had shown signs of going wrong. Yet, if I now send my toys to a toy-hospital, where they do the necessary jobs so much better than I could do them myself, my toys do not give me a whit the less pleasure. And of course there is nothing like the new toy for gaining one's interest. Not long since I wrote in this random column my first impressions of a new system of car control which involved only two pedals (accelerator and brake) as against the normal three. I liked this scheme muchly. It was of course, unfamiliar at first, and we are all inclined to "eave 'arf a brick" at the "furriner," but this unfamiliarity was soon conquered, and I was quickly able to see how desirable it was to push the left foot forward to stop a car, to push the right forward to make it go on, to be able at all times to change gear, up and down, at all speeds with perfect silence, and to have nothing else whatever to bother about. But at this first trial, the car to which the gadget was fitted (it is a simple and most ingenious thing) was not, in itself, too good. Now I have had a chance of trying it upon a much better chassis, I am convinced that the control of the future is at hand. I am convinced that the ordinary clutch pedal is an anachronism and a needless excrescence. Why, indeed, should you have to bother about it when you can so evidently do without it. For example, I took this car to Netherall Gardens and there made

purpose, he takes a car to their very doors. Isn't that absurd? We are always croaking and groaning about the Americans getting ahead of us, but when a really good and original British idea comes along, we cold-shoulder it so frigidly that its sponsor goes straight off to the States with it. Well, all I can say as far as this invention is

Petrol Vapour

By W. G. ASTON.

a number of stop and start tests. It is very pleasant to be able just to stamp on the accelerator pedal and release the foot-brake to ensure that the engine picks up its load without the least sign of a jerk. Even when the vehicle is running backwards all you have to do is to open the throttle, whereupon the clutch is automatically and beautifully engaged, the backward motion is arrested, and away you go with the smoothness of a steamer. I have been driving a good many years, but this mechanical contrivance managed the clutch much better than I (or anyone else) could handle—or rather pedal—it. I should have thought that the inventor of this device (who, I will assure you, is a very, very clever chap) could see his way clear to an immense fortune. I would have thought that even if makers of "pleasure cars" did not immediately cotton on to it, makers of dividend-hunting cars would certainly do so. But no, it seems that one of the chief difficulties he has to contend with is that of getting designers to look at his scheme. And of course it is even more troublesome to get them to try it, though for that



Dudley Glaenfield

SIR SQUIRE SPRIGGE, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.

A new portrait of the distinguished editor of "The Lancet," a position he has held for thirty-four years. Sir Squire and Lady Sprigge recently celebrated their silver wedding

concerned is that it does all and more than I would ask of it. It makes driving a car a greater joy than ever to drive. Certes, to me it is a "new toy," but I am ready to bet that the coming generation of motorists will find it a common-place.

* * *

And Austin.

James Radley is, I believe, an Irishman, which accounts for the events that are associated with his name as being somewhat inconsecutive. When first I came across J. K. he was flying Blériot monoplanes and, in between times, rebuilding their inward structures, for he is a prince of mechanics, having the sort of sensitive fingers

(Continued on p. xiv)



Urchin (persuasively): Carry yer luggage, mister?
Man (irritably): No, I tell you I don't want it carried
Urchin: Then wot are you carryin' it for?

“What the Critics say”

Unbiased Press Opinions of the



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Our claim that the new SINGER “SIX” is an altogether remarkable car with an outstanding performance, is fully backed up by expert criticism. We have published a 24-page Booklet, “What the Critics say,” its contents having appeared in the British Press during the last few months. We would like you to write for a copy.

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THE TATLER, Dec. 11.

“... a very wonderful car . . . a remarkable achievement . . . I do not know any imported car which can compete with it in looks, in detail finish, or in general all-round performance at anything like the price.”

DAILY TELEGRAPH, Dec. 12.

“Its strongest point is just what is wanted, good top-gear performance. It seems impossible to make the engine labour.”

THE AUTOCAR, Nov. 29.

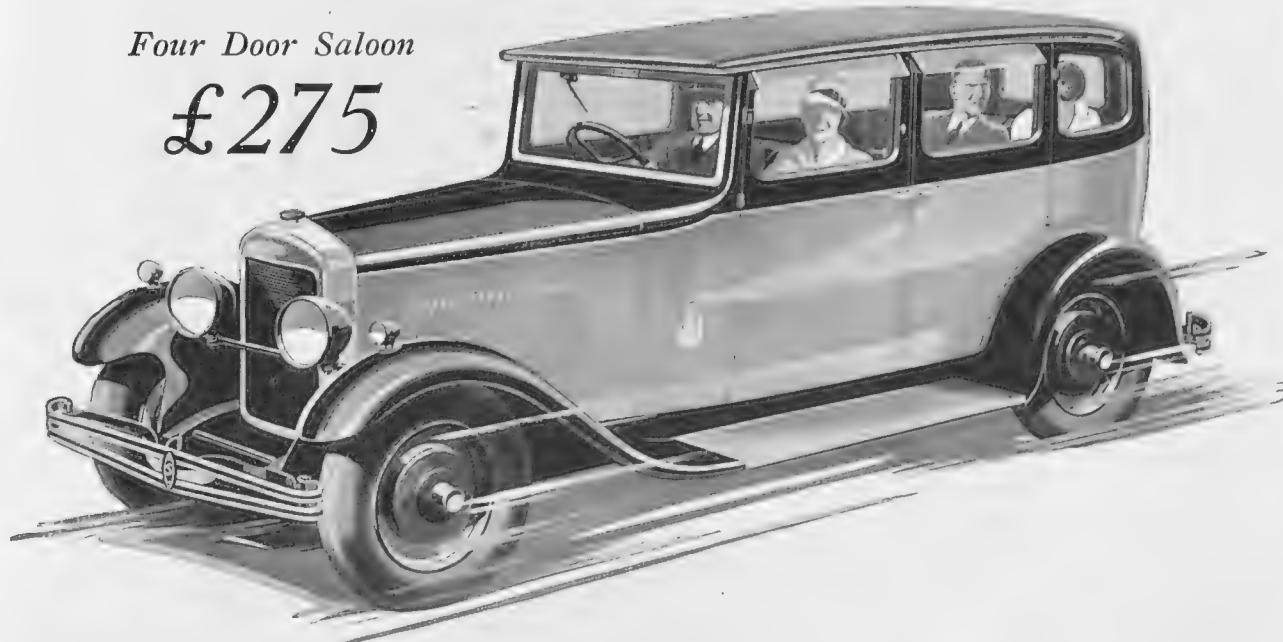
“It will run at 4 m.p.h. without snatch on top gear, and accelerate away without fuss. In this respect it is equal to, if not superior to, several larger six-cylinder cars.”

COUNTRY LIFE, Nov. 30.

“One's first impression is of a car of at least double the value.”

Four Door Saloon

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LADY GRIMTHORPE AND LADY SALMOND

A recent snapshot at Cannes. Lady Salmond was formerly the Hon. Monica Grenfell, and is the wife of Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond

the matches very keenly, and seeming very much interested in the play.

The great event in the lawn tennis world has been the defeat of William Tilden, the famous American player, by a young Englishman, Eric Peters, who played a most masterly game against his formidable opponent, and quite electrified the "gallery" by defeating him in two close sets. This is all the more remarkable a feat because up till now Tilden has won all his various matches so easily that they have been hardly worth watching. This next week the whole army of players will be moving over to Nice, where the Championships of the South of France will be held.

A celebrated competitor who will take part in the tournament is the King of Sweden, who has come on from Rome, where he has been visiting the Queen, and with his suite arrives to-morrow. His Majesty is as keen and alert as ever, and never loses any chance when he is here of playing his favourite game of lawn tennis, competing in a tournament each week of his stay. Another well-known person who is in Nice is the Bishop of Gibraltar, while the Sultan of Johore, who has been there some time, has just left.

The Carnival and Battles of Flowers take place within a fortnight; but the first battle will take place at Cannes to-morrow, when I hear that the King and Queen of Denmark will be present, also the four-and-twenty "Beauty Queens" who are spending the week-end at Cannes to compete for the title of "Miss Europe." Quite a lot of well-known people have decorated cars and carriages in the procession, and as the flowers are perfectly lovely just now, with great masses of mimosa in full bloom everywhere, there should be every chance of a delightful afternoon.

The racing is in full swing again, and many people will be out on Sunday, which is always a very big day. At the Polo Club there is the final of the Tindall Cup; to-morrow also a special luncheon in honour of the "Beauty Queens," and afterwards of course a big Gala Dinner at the Ambassadeurs, at which they will all be present. The baccarat rooms are ever so much more crowded than last week, and as usual the centre of attraction is the baccarat table, where just lately the Greek syndicate has been doing very well indeed. The ex-King of Portugal is always in his usual seat on the right hand of the

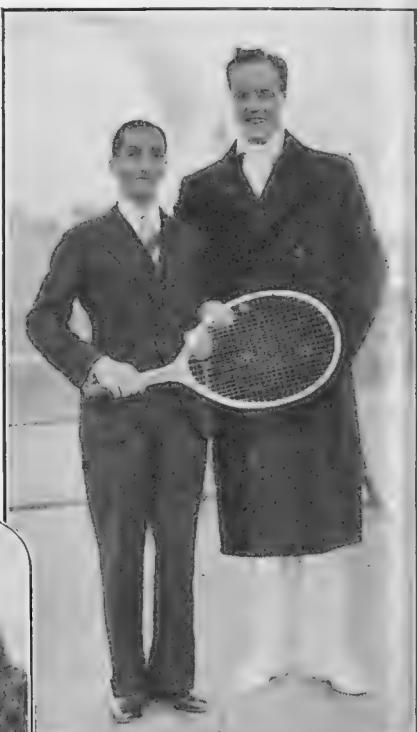
Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER,
— The days have passed so quickly that I can hardly believe that it is a whole week since I wrote you last. After the rain we have had lovely warm weather with calm seas and cloudless skies, in fact, exactly the right setting for the series of regattas which begin to-morrow at Cannes. The King and Queen of Denmark commenced their stay of three weeks here yesterday, and the King has already been out sailing. The Queen I saw at the big Carlton Lawn Tennis Tournament watching

banker, Mr. Zographos, and Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Princess Schaumberg-Lippe, Baroness Morpurgo, Lady Coates, Lord Cecil Manners, the Hon. Reggie Fellowes, Mr. Henry Russell, and Major Burnham were a few I noticed amongst the crowd looking on and punting.

Miss Maxine Elliott has just arrived in Cannes, but she hardly ever comes to the Casino, preferring to play bridge instead. I hear she is thinking of building a villa close to the sea at Cannes, which sounds most delightful. Mr. James Drummond-Hay and his bride (who was the Duke of Hamilton's daughter) have just arrived on their honeymoon, and Baroness van Hutton, the well-known authoress, is recuperating out at Mandelieu for some weeks, having come out to stay with her brother I saw Captain "Tottie" Harewood (Miss Tennyson Jesse's husband) over from Beauvallon, also Lord Jellicoe and Mr. Reginald McKenna. Another newcomer is Mr. "Cardie" Montague, who is a lawn tennis enthusiast although he does not play in the tournaments, and I saw Miss Joel playing hard at the Carlton Club, with her father (who had strolled up from his yacht) looking on.

There have been some lovely frocks worn at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant just lately, and I particularly admired the Queen of Denmark's black lace frock when she was dining with the King and Colonel and Countess Dahberg a night or two ago, also Constance, Duchess of Westminster's white and silver frock which she was wearing at Lady Wavertree's dinner on the same night (which included



MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY (AND OUT-SIZE RACKET) AND THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH

The racket probably was commandeered to correct the handicap in vertical inches. This snapshot was taken at the Carlton Club Courts, Cannes



MISS JOEL AND MR. TEDDY TINLING

Two of Cannes younger brigade. Miss Joel, who is a tennis enthusiast, is a daughter of Mr. Solly Joel, the famous racing owner, who is off Cannes at the moment in his steam yacht

the ex-King and Queen of Portugal), and yesterday afternoon the extremely pretty pale green frock and hat worn by Princess Ingrid of Sweden (who is staying with her grandfather, the Duke of Connaught, at Cap Ferrat and had motored over for the day to Cannes). Two very talented people who are in Cannes at the moment are Pavlova and Spinelly, and I only wish they would pay us a longer visit. Spinelly, indeed, has been such a great success in Nice that she has had to extend the number of her performances, and another success there is Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Circle*, which is playing to crowded houses. One

(Continued on p. xx)

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON



BIMBOMBULO, Hercules Salmson. The world-famous strong man. Born 1880. Educ. L.C.C. Gymnasiums. Began athletic career holding horses outside theatre 1898. 1902. Invited inside by theatre manager. The climax of his spectacular career came in 1920 when, before a distinguished audience including the crowned heads of Europe, he carried one motor-car, two cabinet gramophones, a palm tree and one large bottle of Worthington two hundred and thirty-seven times round the arena at Olympia. *Hobbies:* Butterflies. Boasts world's finest collection of *Worthington labels*.

HAVE you ever met a totaliser in the local rules of a golf club? Will somebody jump up and wish to start a campaign against the dreadful spirit of gambling on the game which such a thing denotes, connotes, or any other of those cross-word sounding terms which do duty for a plain "means"? At all events, let nobody get excited. I have only been reading the local rules of the Tolly-



A corner of the Tollygunge Club, Calcutta. Mrs. Duncan, who has just won the championship of India, is seen having a practice swing. Formerly Miss M. J. Wood, she is an ex-Scottish champion



Mrs. Morgan of Notts, the runner-up in this year's championship of India

of the difficulties of the course, which is said to need far greater accuracy than the Royal Calcutta G.C.'s old course at Tollygunge where the championship was played in 1929.

But rising to difficulties in the good old British way, the twenty-four entrants for the event played, according to report, far better golf than is usual, whilst quantity, too, was not lacking, for another forty-four players not quite up to championship form enjoyed themselves in an Open Meeting played concurrently with the qualifying round for the championship. (I have rather an idea concurrently is another nasty cross-word expression: I must have been doing too many of them lately, and shall be grateful if any kind reader will suggest a course of reading likely to obliterate—there we go again—their evil influence.)

It speaks volumes for the L.G.U. system that out of that total of sixty-eight players only two were without L.G.U. handicaps, a blessed and peaceful state of affairs which would have been far to seek a few years back in India.

One (or more) distinguished player generally seems to find her way to the championship of all India; last year it was Mrs. Gellatly (Miss Sylvia Marshall), this year Mrs. Duncan (Miss M. J. Wood), and Miss K. Cook. Mrs. Duncan did all that behoved an ex-Scottish champion to do. Gullane to Tollygunge sounds a far cry, but Mrs. Duncan, who was married last summer, is now a resident in India and is evidently expected out there to make a pleasant habit of remaining their champion. In the first round though, it was Miss K. Cook of Bedfordshire whose 36 out was the talk of the meeting, and it is thought that her figures may well remain untouched for many a long day. As they were at the expense of Mrs. Hutchinson, the hon. secretary of the Championship sub-committee and handicap

manager for Calcutta, it was certainly a cruel return for much hard work. But then Miss Cook fell away; she had to go to the 19th to defeat Mrs. F. E. Robertson, who judging by handicap ought hardly to have been capable of taking her any distance—all the more credit to Mrs. Robertson—and in the semi-final she went down unexpectedly to Mrs. Morgan of Notts, 2 and 1. So spectators were robbed of that particular final which they had so wanted to see, great length against almost uncanny accuracy. Mrs. Duncan, meanwhile, was doing all that her reputation demanded of her—6 and 5 from Mrs. Shanks; 8 and 7 from Mrs. E. D. Johnston who was the third

lowest handicap in for the event; 5 and 4 from Mrs. E. H. Stewart of Ganton; and a final 6 and 5 from Mrs. Morgan. Scotland may well feel proud of their ex-champion.

Other people who have just caused for pride at this moment are the Hendon ladies. It is not merely that Middlesex County are holding their championship there, though that is only a pleasing compliment; the real cause for jubilation is the extraordinarily fine record of the club in team matches. During 1929 they won no fewer than twelve Pearson Trophy matches and only lost two, one their first of the season against Muswell Hill, the other in the finals when they went down before Chislehurst, who won the whole thing. In the "Star" tournament they defeated South Herts and Verulam (the 1928 runners-up) before losing to Walton Heath. In ordinary club matches they were never once defeated but had eight good victories to their credit and one halved match, making a total of twenty-two wins out of twenty-six team matches played. In addition they won the Laidley Shield at the Middlesex County meeting. Certainly something which may give food for thought to the clubs who have to tackle them this year.

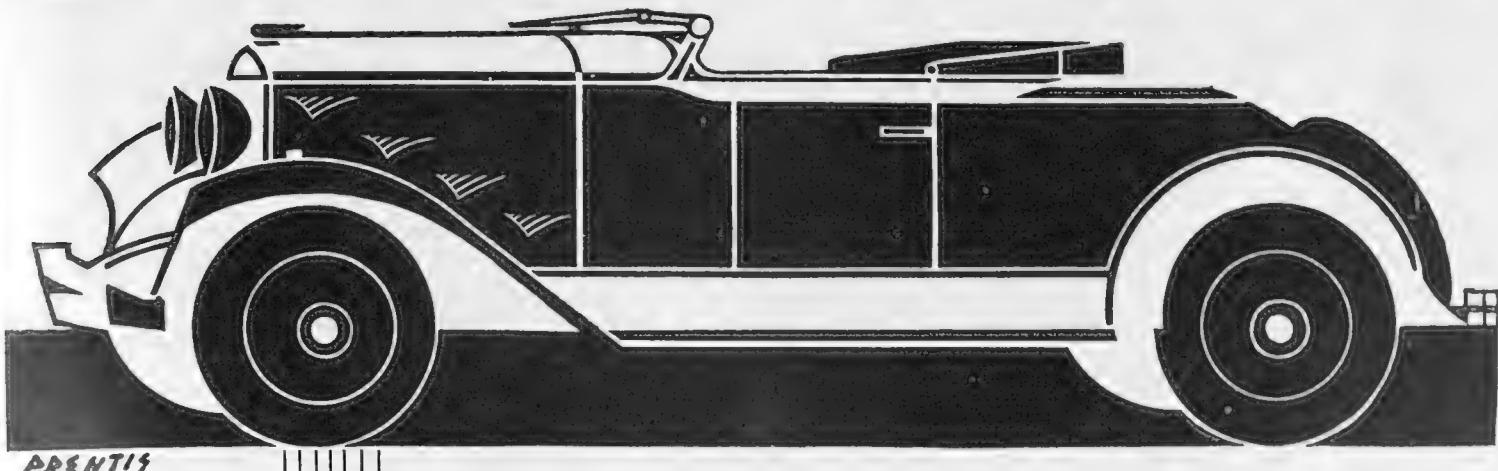
Unfortunately this must go to press before the L.G.U. annual dinner has taken place at the Piccadilly. That shall be well and truly dealt with next week, though this particular Eve (as she has said in the past) is sometimes a little rocky over details of dress, and more than shaky on how to spell some of latest materials of which they may be made. However, she promises to do her best, both over the dinner and the annual general meeting of the L.G.U. the next day.



A special Golfing Supplement, conducted by Miss Helme, appears every month in "Britannia and Eve."

Mrs. E. H. Stewart (of the Calcutta L.G.C. and Ganton) was a semi-finalist in India's premier feminine golfing event

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Beauty—convenience—easy driving—safety—reliability—speed. By these essentials a woman judges her car. And only a Chrysler can give such comfort with such performance.

Chrysler 77 with Chrysler Multi-range gears. Five models. Chrysler 70 with Chrysler Multi-range gears. Three models. Chrysler 66. Three models. SEE THREE TYPES OF CHRYSLERS—77, 70, 66—IN YOUR DEALER'S SHOWROOM NOW!

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



Here is an untrimmed hat that is so essentially of the fashions of to-day. It comes from Asprey's, Bond Street, and is of natural Bakul straw and felt. (See p. ii)

producing the commodities that constitute the industries connected with Fashion, would at no distant date become bankrupt. It is for this reason that intelligent men and women are endeavouring to create a demand for British fashions. It was a subject in which the late Duchess of Teck, the mother of our present

British Fashions.

Fashion reflects the historical and social events of a nation. It acts as a thermometer, recording the tastes of the people. She provides incomes for vast numbers of people, in fact there are many nations, including our own, that were they prevented from

Queen, took the keenest interest, and always lent her support to any movement that could further it. She went well below the surface, and declared that denying oneself clothes was a luxurious form of selfishness. She knew full well that what the leaders of Fashion wore to-day would later on become what is technically called "mass" production, and it is on this that the prosperity of a country depends as it gives employment.

* * * *

The Work of the House of Reville.

The work that has been done by the House of Reville, Hanover Square, and their co-adjudicators for British fabrics for the past quarter of a century has often been invisible, but their efforts have now met with the success they so well deserve. Queen Mary and Princess Mary have always been very interested in the matter.

During the first decade of the present century Reville introduced Nottingham lace to the fashion world; they were not content with the ordinary handicraft of the workers, they pointed out that the lace must conform to Fashion's needs, and then proceeded to demonstrate how this could be done. Later on they used this lace in their veritable triumphs of the *couturière's* art. Then came the War, and a complete revolution took place in the domain of fashion; decorative dresses were not regarded with favour, something serviceable was needed. This firm was not to be nonplussed, but showed that Scotch, Irish, and English tweeds were unrivalled. It must be mentioned that our manufacturers, at last conforming to Fashion's demands, are producing to-day a soft and supple material which is just what is needed. Not only is it used by creators of modes on this side

of the Channel but on the other.

* * *

June, 1925.

The Great French Exhibition took place in June, 1925. By arrangement with His Majesty's Government, Reville displayed on the British barge on the Seine British fashions and fabrics. It was there that they gave a banquet to members of



The intensively active life of the modern woman needs simple raiment. The coat-frock on the square neck Edinburgh rock comes from Asprey's, and does the ensemble (See p. ii)

left with
pressed in
flecked tweed
so on the
right.



Typical of the beret of the spring is the one pictured on the right. It is of tweed to match the suit. The other model is of linen trimmed with circles of contrasting linen. At Asprey's. (See p. ii)

the French and British Governments who realised the international influence of Fashion. They were warmly congratulated on the grace and elegance of their creations. Since that date they have given constant displays of British fashions, many of the models being made of Bradford fabrics; they represented the very latest decrees of Fashion. All British materials were used for a collection of spring models which they showed earlier in this year. It must not be imagined that the House of Reville neglect the French side of Fashion, as they fully appreciate its value, but beyond everything they are patriotic.

* * *

Fashion Not Really Foolish.

Now Fashion is not really as foolish as she is made out to be; there is generally a substratum of solid sense underlying her decrees; she realises that it is essential that there must be a mass production if the textile trade is to be saved from destruction; there are two factors that have always to be considered, and that is the manufacturers of the materials and the makers-up; it is the latter that use millions and millions of yards every year. The manufacturer of materials does not always understand the ways of Fashion as thoroughly as he might do; he is concerned with the fabrics and may overlook the fact that no matter how lovely they may look in the piece, they are useless if they cannot be treated to conform with the modes of the moment. Now this is how it is hoped this vital national problem may be solved. Mr. Edward H. Symonds, the well-known Fashion expert of the House of Reville, who has been working for years on behalf of British textiles, has persuaded a far-seeing manufacturer and an equally visionary maker-up to collaborate and distribute throughout the world copies of a special collection of exclusively designed Reville models in a *crêpe de chine* kind of fabric known as "Martialine," manufactured in Lancashire. This is part of a definite Reville policy of helping to popularise British fabrics. It brings materials before the multitude in the form of attractive dresses at very modest prices.

(Continued on p. iii)

Wash your face

with LUXURIA

every morning

and evening.

It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



A FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESS

Designed and carried out by that well-known artist in dress, Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W. It is expressed in the new jersey net and reinforced with a detachable bolero of silver sequins. It is easy to dance in as it is considerably shorter at the back than at the sides, and allows comparatively perfect freedom of movement.

Millions of Yards.

This special collection of all British models when recently displayed met with the entire approval of a very critical audience. Princess Helena Victoria had previously seen the collection and ordered a dress for herself, and gave permission to the House of Reville to disseminate the fact. A slight idea of the good work that is being done in this respect may be gleaned from the fact that one manufacturer has recently received an order for half a million yards of one material, and another has ordered 100,000 yards. Where would these orders have gone had it not been for the enterprise of those who are constantly on the look-out to aid British textiles? Figures like these mean nothing to those who are unversed in mathematics, but everyone must realise that they signify employment to many. The steel, the coal, and the gas industries all benefit when there is a demand for British fabrics; this, however, is too deep a subject to be dwelt on here. The manufacturer publicly attributed these record sales to the fashionable colour and design of the materials and not the price.

* * *

For Longer Days.

Now that the days are lengthening it is necessary to consider the spring outfit. The sports and country clothes at Asprey's are as simple as they are charming, and of course the coat-frocks make an ideal background for silver fox and other articles for morning wear in town. Illustrated on the left of page 368 is a coat-frock that is sure to appeal to the woman who has a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. A decidedly new note is the square neck, and the arrangement of the corsage portion; note the higher waistline. As will be seen, the skirt is pleated. The fabricating medium is a tweed with an Edinburgh rock fleck in it. And now comes the most surprising part of all—the cost of this dress is merely 7½ guineas. The three-piece suit on the right is 14½ guineas; the cardigan coat and skirt are of tweed, and the jumper of stockinette. Godets are present in the skirt, pockets, and hip-yokes—three of Fashion's favourite ingredients. The jumper is of the tuck-in character, and is finished with leather belt. There are many variations on these themes.

* * *

No Frock Complete Without its Necklace.

As no frock is complete without its necklace, Asprey's are showing delightful affairs from Patou, Lanvin, Chanel, and Molyneux. As it is in the colours and the cutting and moulding of the stones that their charm lies, it is impossible to do justice to them in black and white. Suffice it to say that there are necklaces ranging in price from 10s. 6d. to 3½ guineas; those of beads in tweed colourings are destined to be worn with tweed suits; they are well worth a visit to view.

* * *

Tweed v. Linen.

As soon as the sun condescends to shine brightly there is sure to be fierce rivalry between straw and linen hats; at least that is the opinion of Asprey's, who are responsible for the hats pictured on p. 368. The hat on the left is of natural Baku relieved with blue felt; it is no exaggeration to state that it is "line" that is the conquering hero in this model, and of it one may become the possessor for 4½ guineas. The hat on the right is of pale green linen relieved with circles of dark green and beige linen; it is 3½ guineas. There are many hats for 2½ guineas, all endowed with individual notes which place them on a plane apart. The illustration on the extreme right shows the newest version of the beret; it is destined to be made of the same tweed as the suit.

* * *

Alliance of Net and Sequins.

Frocks that flatter are always to be seen in Lilla's artistic salons, 7, Lower, Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., and most assuredly the evening dress pictured on this page is no exception to the rule. It is carried out in a new jersey net, which although it has the appearance of tulle has a stronger finish; it drapes gracefully and wears exceedingly well. A strong point in favour of it is that it is in accordance with Fashion's commands, nevertheless it is short at the back, and as a consequence is easy to dance in, and although it is reinforced with a detachable silver sequin bolero, the cost is only 16 guineas. Lilla has long specialised in remodelling at reasonable prices, full particulars of which may be found in her catalogue, sent gratis and post free; naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

* * *

Hand-smocked House-frocks.

Lilla has a particularly enviable reputation for hand-smocked house-frocks; they are made in a variety of guaranteed materials and styles, including all-silk heavy-weight crêpe de chines in forty different shades, and the cost is £4 1s. 6d., and then there are the maternity dresses at exceptionally moderate prices; as a matter of fact there is a booklet devoted to this subject.

4 m.p.h. on the Embankment

... 20 seconds later, 22 m.p.h.

at the crest of Savoy Street

... *without changing down!*



Narrow, steep, and busy with traffic all day, Savoy Street rises from the Embankment, reaching the Strand at one of its narrowest, busiest places. One after another drivers drop into second or first as they turn the sharp corner at the bottom, and so climb up to the Strand. But the Buick remains in top gear and sweeps up the incline—4 m.p.h. to 22 m.p.h. in 20 seconds up the 1-in-12 gradient—then drops to a walking pace again as it enters the traffic-filled Strand.

ALL IN TOP GEAR!

STEEP HILLS and blind turns in the country—narrow, crooked, traffic-crowded streets in town . . . Again and again the driver of the average car must reach from steering-wheel to gear-lever—no matter where he goes!

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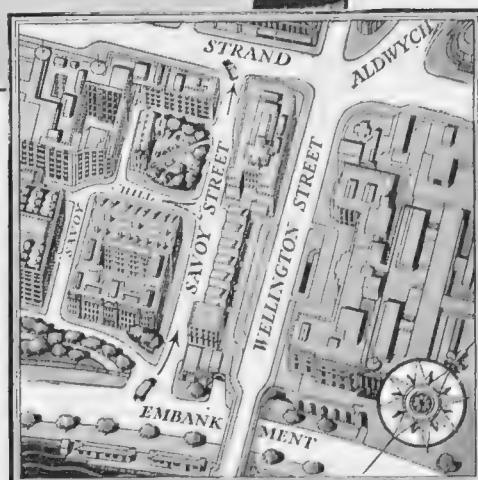
See how it gets round other cars in traffic simply because it is more alert in accelerating. Bring it sharply down to 3 m.p.h. (the new Duo-Servo internal-expanding brakes make this operation smooth as silk)—then sweep up to 70 m.p.h. without changing down! Take it up hills! . . .

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A "TATLER" FASHION

An Original Design by Gordon Conway



Gordon Conway

This spring ensemble is destined to be made in one of the new light woollen materials. The red coat is lined with the same material as the dress, the stripes being reversed. The scheme is completed with a red felt hat



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From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

away into the land of the Black-collars. During this good hunt our broker had trouble with his leathers (we are not referring to his breeches) which broke in half; all things come to those who've weight, including the kind friends who came to the rescue. On Wednesday, at New Barn, a large crowd assembled, but owing to coursing going on nearby the usual plan of campaign had to be somewhat altered, as Lodge Park, etc., came into the infected area. The news soon spread of the engagement between General Kirby and Mrs. Paisley, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations, and we wish them every happiness; as both live in Melton, they should not have far to move the furniture. It was a poorish day, but the matinée performance, staged round Wyck Hill, redeemed the day. Friday, at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, was a regular "blister my kidneys, the-frost-as-cut-the-dahlias" sort of day, and the cold north wind cut down the size of the field too. The day was marred by a Warwickshire visitor having a bad fall and injuring his back, which necessitated his removal in an ambulance. We wish him a speedy return to the saddle.

From the York and Ainsty

We're all very sorry that Littleworth is out of action for the present, but hope it will not be a long business; in the meantime David is carrying the horn. The Blue Bridge meet resulted in plenty of foxes being found at New Parks, and we had a fair hunt, during which Baron Aldwark skidded in rounding a corner and sustained a compound fracture of his top hat. A fox at Overton got to ground and had to be left. At Naburn on Saturday, the meet was at the Hall for the first time, where Jungly and Co. made us welcome. We regretted to note that a few distinguished officers were attired as if to catch rats rather than foxes. Scent was never good, but we had hunts from Moreby and Kelfield Woods, the latter ending in the dog pack accounting for their fox in Stillingfleet. Father of Three duly arrived at the meet in "Emerald Arrow," but had to leave early as it was the nurse's afternoon out. Talking of fathers reminds us to offer our condolences to poor John, whose eye was severely hurt by the fairy finger of Miss Bridget; we shall be happy to show him a few "guards" and "parries" for future use. The North pack were at Swarcliffe the same day—which reminds us that "York and Ainsty West" would really be a much more appropriate title for Piers' establishment. (We don't know who the brainy cove was who thought of "North.") From Acaster on Tuesday, a Stub Wood fox gave us a capital hunt to Steeton and back to Brocket, followed by another shorter one from the Bogs.

From Lincolnshire

Sport recently has reached a high standard of excellence. Of five county packs hunting on February 8, none did better than the Burton from Torrington. After an excellent sixty-five minutes in the morning, hounds took another fox right into the Southwold country and had nearly reached that pack's kennels at Belchford when they turned back to Panton, where "Charles" saved his bedraggled brush by crawling into some badger earths. He was then at his last gasp, 1 hr. 45 min.; point eight miles, and about sixteen as hounds ran. To miss their deserved meal was extremely hard luck. In the absence of the Blankney huntsman, Jack Telford, the first whipper-in gave his followers some topping sport from Hykeham Lodges—the essence of which was contained in a brilliant gallop from the Jungle. Hounds sped on for seventy minutes, and were simply snapping at the brush of their fox when he reached an asylum in the bank of the River Trent at South Clifton. It was a feather in Telford's cap, and he was warmly congratulated. No less than eight foxes were seen to go away from Whitehall Wood, and three from Bracken Wood, when the Southwolds were hunting there on February 8. The Woodhall Spa waters evidently keeps them fit, for one was hunted hard in the woodlands for three hours and even then proved the victor.

From the Blackmore Vale

A good hunt at the end of a poor day is always more appreciated than others, and the stalwart nine who stuck out the Middlemarsh day in spite of everything going wrong were amply rewarded. Forcing a fox away from Admiral Digby's late in the afternoon, hounds scored what has been called the best Thursday hunt of the season, running into their lair by Lillington just as he was nearing the stronghold of Honeycomb. After the meet at North Cheriton hounds got on an outlier near the village bed, running round Styleaway to Lattiford, then past Holbrook, over the race-course to Frewen's Gorse, marking to ground at Stoke Trister after a good hunt of two and a half hours in exceptionally heavy going. Hounds did not draw again. The Master killed a brace, and had a good day after meeting at Tripp's Limekiln. There was a large field when hounds met at Yeovilton; an enterprising customer from Podymore was killed at Speckington, and hounds getting a good start from Annis Hills, ran into Babcary Bushes, on past the Rectory, over the point-to-point course, and to ground at Tout Quarry. Tom Bunch had the misfortune to have a fall on the flat the Totnell Corner day, unfortunately dislocating his neck and he will be unable to hunt again this season.

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D.A-W. 8

Pictures in the Fire—continued.

Already a long list of impending changes in masterships of well-known (for a joint M.F.H.), the Cheshire, the Derwent, the East Galway, the Hursley, the Ludlow, the Seavington, the South Devon, the Southwold, and one other not designated are named. There is yet another of a very famous pack, whose domain lies in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, the Belvoir, about which it is an open secret, one new master at least will be wanted next season. Both masters have already notified the Hunt Committee of their intention to tender their resignations, but the difficulty I understand may be bridged if a new joint can be found—a not very easy matter in a big and very expensive country such as is this one. In this latter case the reason for the joint masters' decisions are purely financial, for they are both extremely popular, and have shown, and are still showing, the best of sport, in spite of the handicap of the professional huntsman, George Tongue, having been laid up from a very bad fall in which it was feared at first he had broken his back. I think everyone in the Belvoir country who has not yet taken off his hat to Mr. Charles Tongue, the Joint Master who hunts hounds, ought to do so at once, for during the time the huntsman was laid up he has hunted hounds four days a week with at least a leash of broken ribs. If you can name anything much more painful in the way of broken bones I should like to be told about it. You can't sneeze, laugh, cough, or even yawn without their giving you gyp, and to think of anyone hunting hounds and going as hard as Mr. Tongue

does with these things grating and sawing at him makes one wonder how on earth he does it. What a lesson to all of us in fortitude. The first fall he got was jumping one of the fences on the point-to-point course near Barrowby from the wrong side—the only possible place—and not so long after that he got another fall, and even then would not give in. Mr. Tongue is in the 15-st. class, and even so "runs right up to head," and we miserable things who are jockey weight so often preen our little feathers if we can keep hounds in sight. "Sabretache" tenders his admiring felicitations. There is also the difficulty about a new joint master in Warwickshire.



WITH THE MEATH AT HEADFORT HOUSE

Sir Emerson Herdman, who is a Senator of the Northern Parliament, Mrs. Pollock, a sister of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, M.F.H., and of Lady Massereene and Ferrard and Lady Lambart, who is a sister of Colonel Moore Brabazon, and the widow of the late Sir Gustavus Lambart, Bart.

A little yarn which may appeal to some soldier men comes to me from the Land of Ind, and has to do with the hard times people have on manoeuvres, which so far as can be judged are just as strenuous as they used to be in the times of things called "Kitchener Tests," which were designed to reproduce the image of war without any of the attendant jolly fun and excitement. A certain brigade had been having a very rough and exhausting time doing forced marches, battle-fights and that sort of thing and feeding sparsely, sometimes even upon a delicacy called "parrot pie"—and were what Thomas A. calls "blinking' well fed up." One golden day, however, Brigade Orders said: "Battalions at Disposal of Battalion Commanders" The Brigadier then interviewed all the O.C.'s to find out what they proposed to do. The O.C. "X" Battalion said (with probably bitter satire), "Practise Advance Guard, sir!" the O.C. "Y" Battalion (ditto, ditto), "Practise Battalion in Defence, sir!" but when it came to O.C. "Z" Battalion's turn he said, "Practise a Thursday, sir!" (Thursday is the soldier's holiday.)

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Distilled as only The Distillers Agency Ltd. distil it. Blended as only they can blend it. It is a truly Royal Spirit. Unsurpassed for quality.



Weddings and

Spring Weddings.

March 4 is the date arranged for the marriage between Mr. A. Ronald Orr, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Orr of Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, and Miss Phyllis Forwood, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forwood of Dutton Terrace, Adelaide, which takes place at Adelaide; on the same day Mr. Maurice Suckling Ward, younger son of the late Mr. Nelson Ward of Blighmont, Southampton, is marrying Miss Dorothea Swan, the younger daughter of the late Mr. F. G. Swan and Mrs. Swan of 209, Cromwell Mansions, S.W., at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.

* * *

Late this Month.
An interesting marriage of this month is that between Commandant Mortemard de Boisse la Mecourt, Officer de la Legion d'Honneur, and Miss Janet Seaton Agnew, the daughter of the late Sir Patrick Agnew, K.B.E., and of Lady Agnew of Northmoor

Road, Oxford, which is fixed for February 25, and takes place in Marseilles.

Who is going to marry Captain Hugh C. N. Trollope, late of the Suffolk Regiment, is the only daughter of Captain N. F. J. Wilson, C.M.G., C.B.E., late Royal Indian Marine of New Zealand, and the late Mrs. Wilson

MISS LORNA WILSON



MISS MONICA WYLDBOORE SMITH

The younger daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldboore Smith, whose engagement was announced at the end of January to Mr. Evan Llewellyn Gibbs, the Coldstream Guards

Hants, and Miss Eileen Dorothy Kessell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kessell of Bramley, Otterbourne, Hants.

Hay Wrightson



MISS NORAH BRIGHOUSE

Whose fiancé is Mr. Kenneth S. Green, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Green, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brighouse of Red Brow, Lancs

Engagements

Recent Engagements.

Lieut.-Commander Ronald Wykeham Miller, R. Brook House, Ashton Keynes, Wilts, and Miss Beth Walron, only child of the late Mr. H. C. Walron and of Mrs. Walron of Burton Grange, Herts; Mr. James Bruce Curry, eldest son of and Mrs. Arthur Curry of Bickley, Kent, and Lilius Barbor, the daughter of the late Mr. Charles James Barbor of Dublin and Mrs. Gilbert West of Mettingham, Suffolk, and Gogar, Stirling; Dr. Bernard Willoughby Holmes of Asansol, India, third son of the late Mr. Edward Holmes of Bocking, Essex, and Miss Elizabeth Margaret McKerrow of Mepham, Horeham Road, E. Sussex, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McKerrow, West Kirby, Cheshire; Mr. Francis Geoffrey Kinsman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kinsman of Chelmer, Chelmersford, Hants, and Miss Eileen Dorothy Kessell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kessell of Bramley, Otterbourne, Hants.

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INSIST UPON THE GENUINE

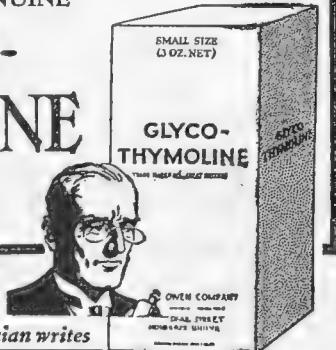
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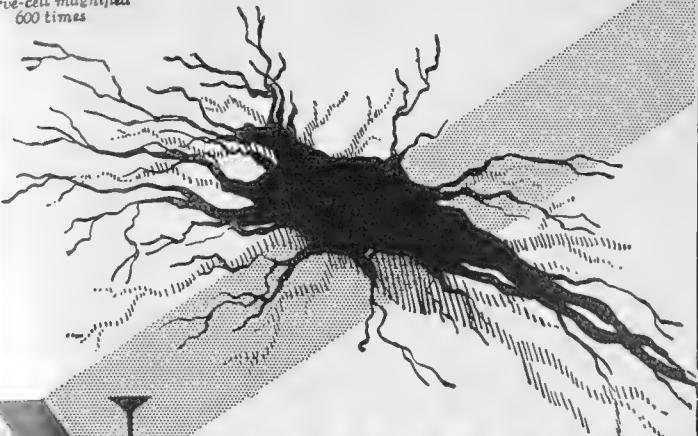
Stocked and recommended by all the leading ladies' outfitters everywhere. The thrill of a perfect figure (without discomfort) awaits you when you wear this new Court Royal Corset. Ask to see the "One One One" priced at

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This illustrated brochure (sent free on mentioning "The Tatler") is of particular interest to women who wish to improve their figure.

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Sanatogen strengthens those nerves which regulate the digestion.

Youthful in Contour and Complexion

BEAUTIFUL women the world over owe their rejuvenated looks to Eleanor Adair's Scientific Treatments. By her famous original Strapping Muscle Treatment and Preparations double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of a chiselled contour. Eleanor Adair also specialises in a marvellous treatment to cure tired, lined eyes.

Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL :

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck, 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

GANESH DARA :

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

The Ganesh Preparations are specially prepared in the Adair Salons and have been awarded Medals and Certificates for their supreme purity. Of leading Stores and Chemists or direct in plain cover.

GANESH CHIN STRAP

keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep. Also removes double chins. 21/6, 25/6 and 27/6

ELECTROLYSIS :

Antiseptic Electrolysis is done in the Adair Salons by experts only. Roots of superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, purl spots, etc., removed without marking the skin.

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC

is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 10/6 and 21/6

Write for particulars of our "HOME TREATMENT" or call for FREE CONSULTATION and ADVICE. Beauty Booklet sent gratis on request.

Eleanor Adair

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CAR CAMEOS

The Six-cylinder Franklin

If I really belonged to Fleet Street, and were a "slogan merchant," I could describe the Franklin in one trenchant phrase as "the car that needs no garage." And that would be saying no more than the truth, for I may as well admit that when, after a long and enjoyable run I took it home, the best place I could find for it was somewhere out "in the open." There was no water to freeze, for it is air-cooled; nothing could come amiss to the cellulose painting of its very nice body, and as for the rest, all the odd and ends were properly chromium-plated.

During the night a mild blizzard came along, buckets of hail, no end of rain, and a touch of frost to finish up with. Which were just the circumstances in which air-cooling, as a principle, could show how good it was. In just about ten seconds that car was very much alive; in less than twenty seconds I had my foot hard down upon the pedal and we were off upon a memorable fifty-mile run.

The Franklin is a good car; more, it is a great car. It has the real aristocratic quality. And so it should have. For five-and-twenty years ago, which, by the same token is the dickens of a long time, I used to read about the Franklin and of its wonderful doings in the U.S.A. It was air-cooled then as it is air-cooled now, and I am quite certain it has never been anything else. It thus stands in a class by itself. By reason of the principle that it exploits its appeals on the other side of the Atlantic as much to the man who wants a car for use within reach of the Arctic circle as to him who will do most of his running at Miami in summer. The Franklin will never boil, and equally it will never freeze.

The first thing this car does is to make one ask oneself, "Why are

not all cars air-cooled?" What is the matter with the idea? And it is nothing the matter with it. I'm afraid that in this country we are too apt to misjudge air-cooling because our air-cooled cars were little two-cylinder things quite incapable of giving a good account of themselves. They were ephemerally successful but ultimately failures, not because they were air-cooled but because they had major faults in design. Do not let us forget that (bar one) the best bikes to-day are air-cooled, as also are some of the best air-craft engines. I imagine, however, that there is a prejudice against air-cooling; in fact I think there can be a doubt about it. To the man of an open mind, I would say, "Rid yourself of this nonsense." And the best quickest and pleasantest way in which he can do this is to go in a Franklin.

The saloon model is not as cars go nowadays but it is supremely good. The only fault I can find with it is that it is a trifle on the noisy side—which, the way it has nothing to do with the cooling system. Otherwise it satisfies the highest standard you can lay up for it. A wonderful performance, and on second even more wonderful, for this ratio is of truly "silent" type. It drives sweetly and responsively as a pair of india-rubber. It exploits a unique system of springing, with full elliptical springs, and that, like its engine, is a revelation.

The Franklin was so good that in spite of the blizzard Mrs. P. V. and the girls and I went out for a night-run. And very thoroughly we enjoyed ourselves. There are not many about which we feel like that.

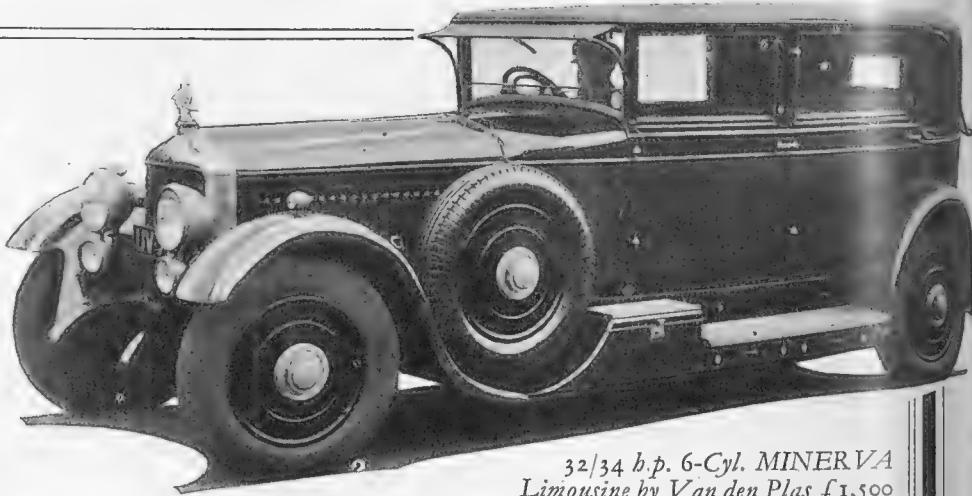
And when we got home after that delightful nocturnal ramble there was a man waiting for us. He put his hand upon the "radiator" of the Franklin. "By Gosh," he exclaimed, "it's as cold as a stone!" "Lord," I cried, "thank heaven we've got back all right. I quite forgot to fill up with water."



THE FRANKLIN AIR-COOLED SIX

After its record run from London to Glasgow on bottom gear

CLASSIC DIGNITY LUXURY & POWER



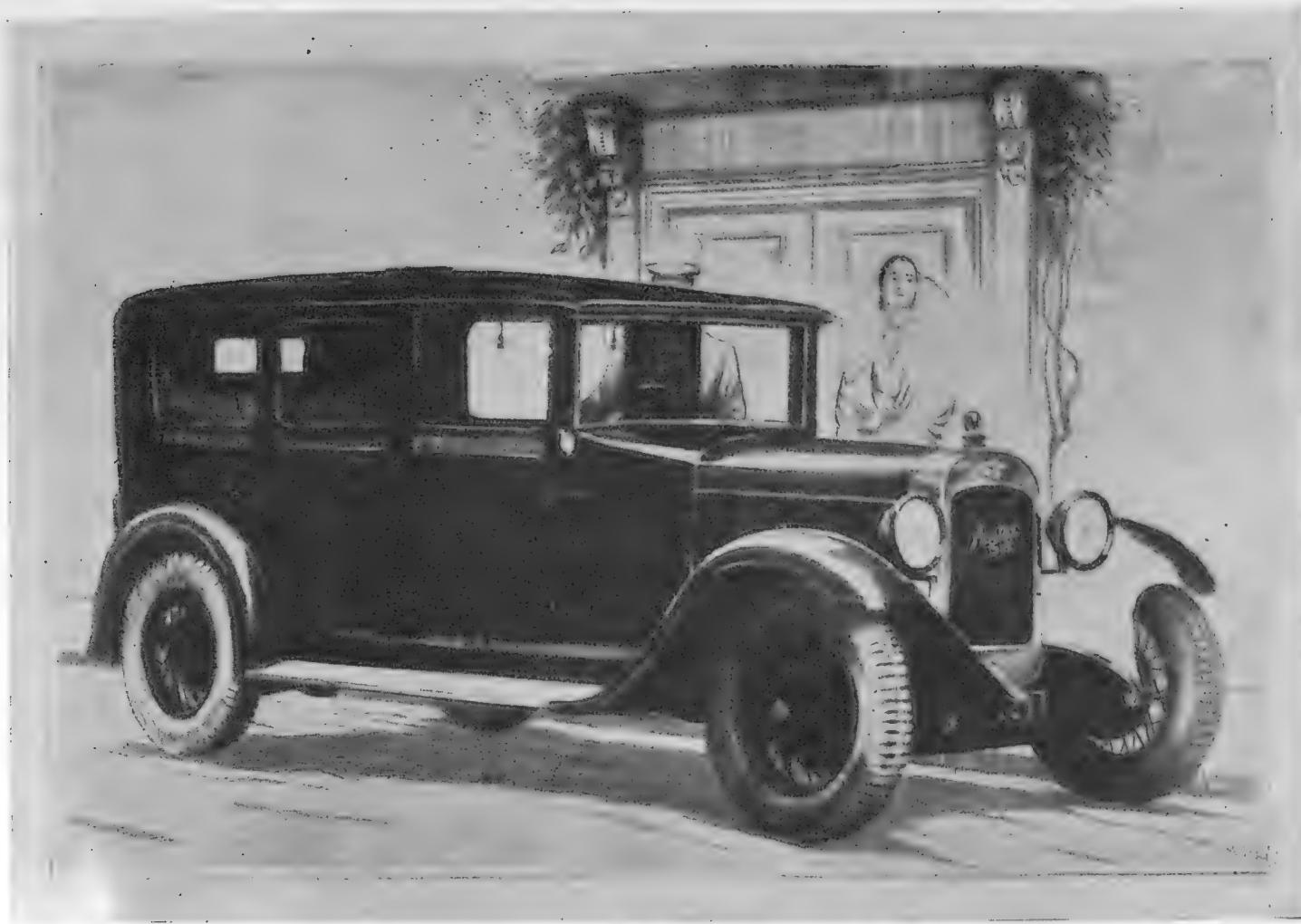
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Limousine by Van den Plas £1,500

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From a dry point by Ian MacKinnon.

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£630

*The Austin Twenty
Ranelagh Limousine*

The Ranelagh Limousine or Landau on long wheel base—an owner or chauffeur-driven car—accommodates seven people in comfort. Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette (driver's seat in leather). Biflex magnetic dip and switch headlights. Electric wiper. Triplex glass all round. Chromium plated external fittings. Wire wheels. Dunlop tyres.

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To appeal to the connoisseur, a car must do more than conform to the presupposed standards of its class.

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These are the attributes which are sought by those whose choice of a particular car is determined by their discernment of its finer qualities.

Such people are owners of the Austin Twenty. For they have found that they can depend upon it to be and to remain the embodiment of all things desirable in the fine car world.

A telephone call to the nearest Austin dealer will bring a demonstration model to your door. Literature on request.

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Petrol Vapour—continued.

that you read about in novels. Then he bought an Antoinette monoplane and did a cart-wheel upon it at Brooklands that no acid would clean from the photographic plates of my memory. Then he steered—twice, I fancy—Rolls-Royce cars to victory in the great Austrian Alpine tours that many of us would so much like to see revived. Finally—after an interval of years—he bobs up in front of me with an idea that seems to have quite

a lot of brains in it. He has designed a high-pressure water-pump that can be driven from the back wheel of a motor-car. By means of this pump you can sluice your windows, irrigate your garden and tennis lawn, or knock the mud off your car. When this outfit comes upon the market it should find a home in a good many country places. And I imagine that the little local garage will be glad to have that which, for a few pounds' outlay, will enable it to boast that it has the latest kind of car-washing installation. No

doubt, whilst the car-owner fits this pump to the back wheel of his car, commission, the garage will attach it to some old crock of which the licence has long since fallen into arrears, thus making it pay a dividend once more. And perhaps we shall not have too long to wait before there is announced to us the car that dusts itself, lights itself, starts itself, pumps up its own tyres, wipes its own screen, winds up its own clock, washes itself, and all that sort of thing. It will be widely welcomed, for the truth is that most of us set for our cars a higher standard of completeness than for our homes. I shall never forget a pal o' mine who was anxious about what the weather was going to be like for our next day's fishing expedition, and who therefore went out to the garage to tap the barometer he had on his instrument-board—there was none in the house. Also in his car he had his wireless set. He insisted on my listening to it. This pal o' mine's wife said she did not mind not having a weather-glass in the hall, what she did appreciate was having the wireless-set in the car, "Blessings," she said, "sometimes come in disguise."



ARTHUR OWEN
LORD AND LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY AND
MISS PAMELA WELLESLEY

With the Vine Hounds last week. Lord George Wellesley is the Duke of Wellington's youngest surviving son, and Miss Pamela Wellesley Lady George Wellesley's daughter by her former marriage



ARTHUR OWEN
LADY LYMPINGTON AND THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON

At a meet of the Vine Hounds at Newhurst. Lord Lymington is the eldest son of the Earl of Portsmouth. Lady Lymington was Miss Mary Post of Long Island, N.Y.



Essex the Challenger
4-door Sedan - £275
complete with Bumpers, four
Hydraulic Shock Absorbers,
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the CHALLENGER
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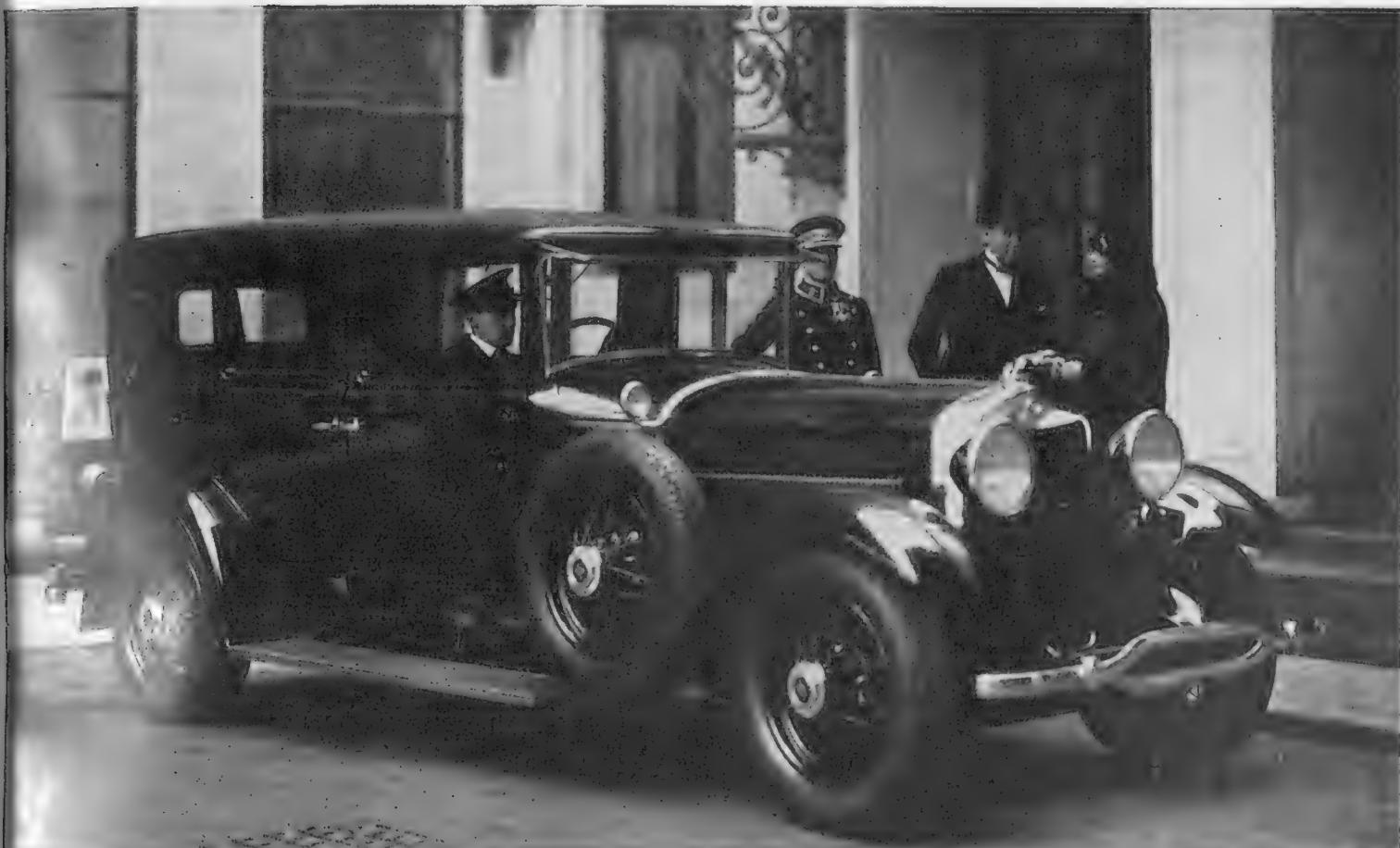
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AS INDIVIDUAL AS THOSE WHO TREASURE ITS QUALITY



The Lincoln is as unlike others of its kind as are those persons who comprise, in every part of the world, the rank of its owners. Royal personages. Government officials of high rank. Diplomatists and dignitaries from foreign capitals. Leaders in the professions and arbiters of society. A group well known internationally and for qualities as understandable as those of the Lincoln.

Lincoln offers no hostage, at any point of its progress, to haste or shoddiness. No barriers are set against expense, either for materials chosen

for its strength and beauty or for painstaking care and precision in assembling these prime elements into swiftness and into comfort that is utterly secure. The sole requirements in this world-famous task of craftsmanship are that each stalwart part shall be faithful to science's closest grasp upon precision and that through thousands of tests the completed car shall be certified for enduring quality and beauty.

The Lincoln draws its materials from Ford mines, silicon beds and forests which take their way through

Ford safeguarded furnaces and industries.

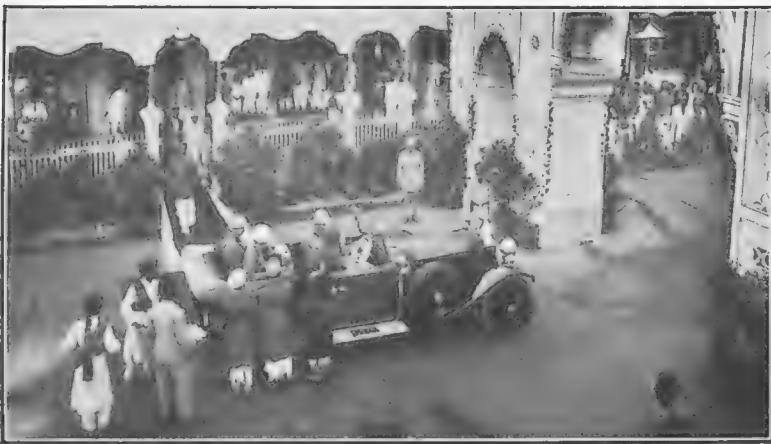
Without Ford's unusual methods and economies the Lincoln might conceivably be as great a motor car, but at a much higher purchase figure.

Regardless of where you live, whether in London or the provinces, we will gladly send a Lincoln for you to try, without cost or obligation. A full range of Lincoln models are on view at 16 Albemarle Street, W.1. Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Co. Ltd., 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

THE LINCOLN

Motor Notes and News.

British motoring enthusiasts will be delighted with the news that the 25-h.p. Sunbeam car entered and driven in the Monte Carlo Rally by Mr. A. H. Pass, the well-known motoring authority and chairman of Pass and Joyce, Ltd., has been awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur in Concours de Confort and the special gold medal offered by "L'Auto." Thus against fierce International competition the car secures the highest



H.E. THE VICEROY OF INDIA

On the occasion of his recent visit to Hyderabad. His Excellency is wearing a garland of flowers seated in his Rolls-Royce car

recognition of its comfort, beauty of line, and workmanship. The body, a special type saloon with a sunshine roof and drop division, was built by Weymann Motor Bodies (1925), Ltd., to Mr. Pass' own specification. This is the third occasion on which Mr. Pass has taken part in the Monte Carlo Rally, and this year his Sunbeam was placed first of the British entrants who started from John o' Groats.

The most famous of the Continental expresses is undoubtedly the Blue Train, which daily carries in luxurious comfort from Calais to the Riviera those lucky persons who are wealthy enough to pay the high supplementary fare. It is, too, one of the fastest long-distance

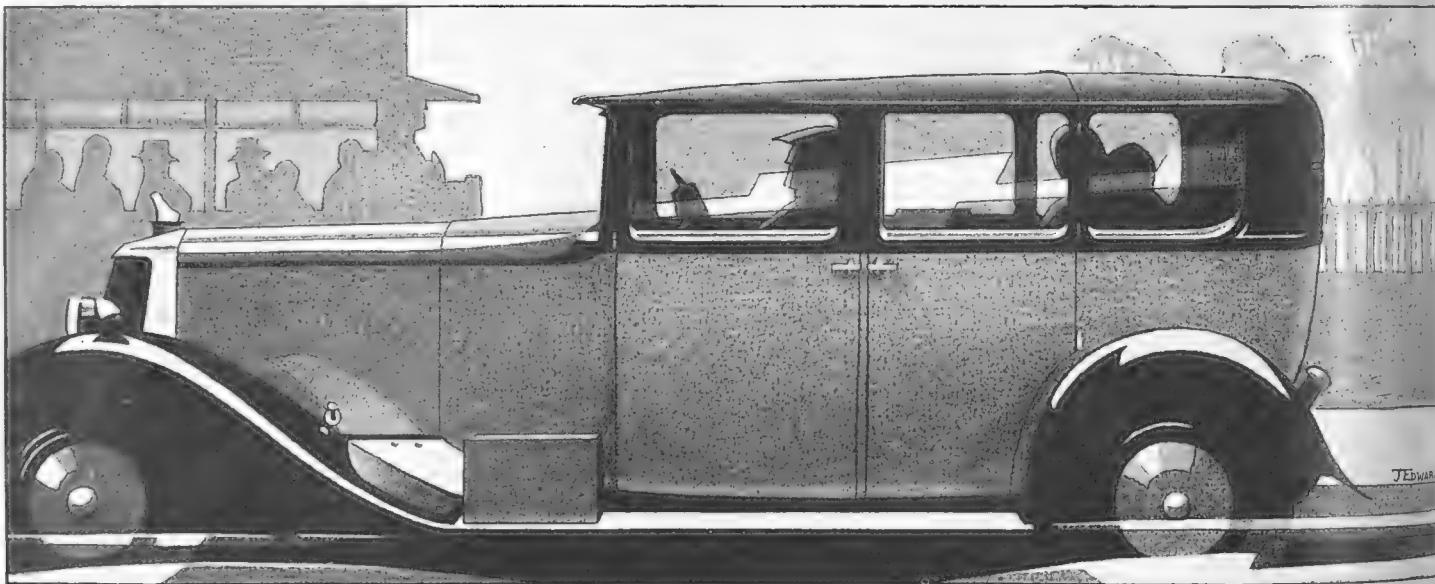
trains in Europe, for it covers the 830 miles between the Channel and the Mediterranean in 20½ hours, some two hours less than "Rapide" which follows it southwards.

To travel the journey in shorter time than the train was the object of two motorists who were touring on the Riviera, and accordingly decided to make a sporting effort on their Light Six Rover. Arrived in the pretty little town of St. Raphael just before the scheduled departure of the train—6.30 p.m.—they waited until the gigantic P.L.M. locomotive gave its first puff and then shot off the mark with a good more pep, although perhaps with less majesty, than the train. This, however, was the last the two travellers saw of the train until Calais, for railway follows a slightly different route, via Marseilles, in order to cross the hilly region which the road traverses.

The route followed avoided Paris, passing instead through St. Cloud, main-en-Laye, Versailles, and Pointoise. This was a slow section, included busy streets and pot-holed pavé, and only twenty-eight miles were clocked in the hour. Indeed, the motorists were some twenty minutes behind their time-table at one point. However, when the "R.N.T." was struck at Beauvais, the car was let out, and mile after mile were covered with the speedometer showing between 60 and 80 m.p.h. This rapidly brought back the lost minutes, and eventually the car drew up on the quay at Calais with twenty minutes to wait before the Blue train—fog-stained and grubby, just like the car—rolled in dead on time.



THE BLUE TRAIN AND THE LIGHT SIX ROVER
Which beat it on its 850-mile journey from the Re to Calais are here seen together at St. Raphael. The car won after a thrilling race by twenty minutes, despite rain, fog, and closed level-crossings



The 20 h.p. Special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught Enclosed Landaulette. £895 complete Car, including self-changing 4-speed gearbox.

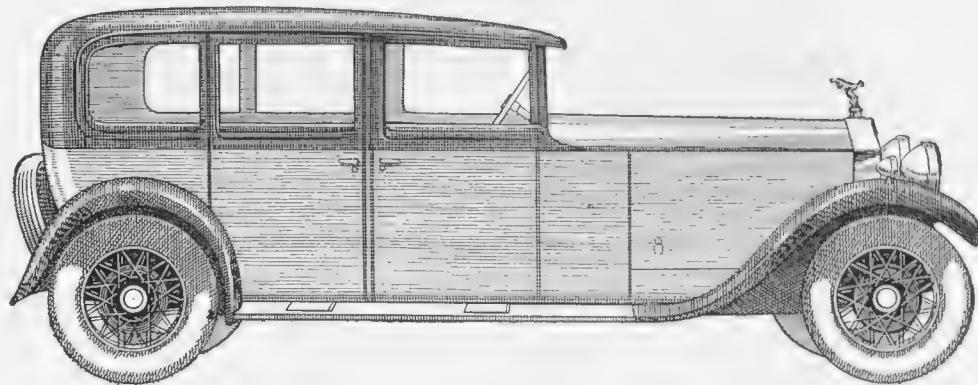
What a wise choice of car this is, this 20 h.p. special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught enclosed landaulette. A car of sound and sensible qualities, suitable for all occasions, whether for touring work or use in congested city traffic. Within, seating accommodation provides for two persons on the enclosed driving

seat, three on the main back seat, and two more on occasional seats which fold neatly away out of sight into the division behind the driver. This comfortable and distinguished car may be had for the truly moderate price of £895, including self-changing four-speed gearbox. *Special enclosed limousine at similar price.*

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The GRABEN, Vienna.



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Aero Club Banquet.

In an age of excessive verbalisation, when lorry-loads of talk are daily poured into the ether and the tongue is mightier than the typewriter, it is only just that the illness in vogue should be attributed to Nature's phonograph. Psittacosis (I wonder if it can be caught as readily from a politician as from a parrot) has superseded appendicitis as the modish malady. But occasions still occur sometimes when the talk is limited to the capacity of the subject and to the tastes of the listeners, when the human voice performs the humane function of delighting instead of blighting the senses. Such an occasion was the banquet held by the Royal Aero Club at the Savoy and presided over by Sir Philip Sassoon.

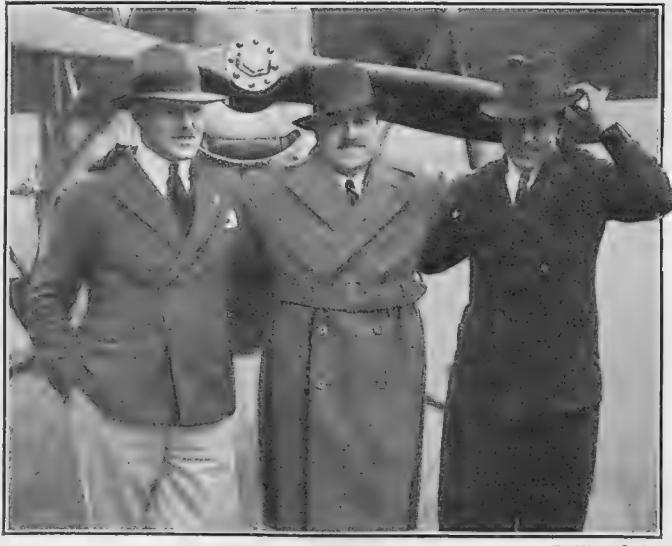
I have in the course of my literary-gustatorial duties attended innumerable banquets, but I have never attended a better-organised banquet, or one at which the speaking has been throughout on so high a level. Every speaker had something to say and knew how to say it. The food was marvellously good, especially when the difficulties that must attend serving some 450 people are considered, but the speaking was even better than the food. It was at once an entertainment and an education. The Duke of York, speaking in the deliberate manner he always employs, rehearsed the chief air events of the year, and announced the posthumous award of the Royal Aero Club's gold medal to Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins. He also made the important point that British aviation, by winning the Schneider Trophy, had put itself ahead of all other countries in the world. Sir Philip Sassoon, who, by the way, is now undergoing flying training, spoke afterwards, and gave due credit to the Duchess of Bedford and to Lady Bailey for their long-distance flights.

And then Mr. Handley Page made the best speech he has ever made. It carried a definite point of view which held it together, and it was embroidered with the kind of wit of which Mr. Handley Page is a master. And he did not fail to remind his hearers of what happens to the healthy and the unslept. Momentarily, to maltreat Mr. Shakespeare, he was "Hamlet returned to Harrow us with doubts about the sleep that follows slotless spines." He also reminded his hearers of Mr. Ramsay McDonald's promises on board the *Orford* just after the Schneider race, and he impressed upon us the value of the race. Mr. Montague was then called upon, and, considering the Government's short-sighted reactionary policy about the Schneider race, he made the best that could be made of his reply. But this emerged—that if the Government thought that there is no further purpose to be served by the race it is grievously mistaken. Lord Wakefield then treated the guests an admirably-expressed and cogent addi-

Hampshire Club.

In spite of bad weather the Hampshire Club did 112 hours' flying during January and collected five new members. Twenty-six members of the club have completed their "A" licence tests during six months that have just passed. In terms of cash this means that, together with the flying grant, they have during the past half year earned £1,600, leaving another £400 to be obtained by the end of July, 1930. Mr. Dudley and the engineering staff, including the versatile Mr. Riches, as well as Mr. Grahame Gibbs and Capt. Kirby are to be congratulated.

Mr. John Lord arrived at the Croydon Ports aerodrome in the amphibious *Cat-Sark* from Martlesham the other day. This machine, it will be remembered, was built by Saunders-Roe and has two Heron engines. As a flying-boat it is a genuine air-yacht, and it was the sensation of the Aero Show. Sir Alliott Roe, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. John Lord seem likely to put the name of Saunders-Roe before the name of Avro used to be.



F. King & Co.
FLYING-OFFICER H. PIPER, MR. MARCEL DESOUTTER,
AND FLYING-OFFICER C. E. KAY

The two flying officers are New Zealanders from No. 26 Squadron, R.A.F., and started from Croydon on February 9 in a Desoutter sports coupé with a Hermes engine in an attempt to beat Hinckler's record to Australia and then fly on home to New Zealand for a bit of leave



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Be sure then to ask for

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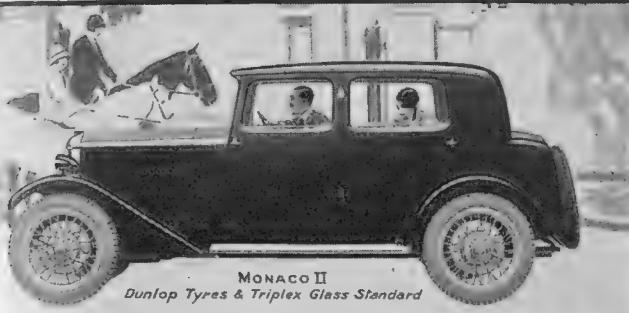
CASTILLON Cognac Brandy is obtainable in whole and half bottles and in handy flasks from most wine and spirit merchants and principal stores.

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for my own private use I would drive no other than a Riley '9' — it is indeed a Wonder Car."

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MONTE CARLO

TALBOT WINS AGAIN!



In the opinion of the judges in the Monte Carlo Rally, Miss Kitty Brunell's Talbot with Mulliner Saloon Body, was the finest Saloon entered.

From the vast number of entries of all types and prices, this Talbot was awarded First Prize in the Saloon Class in the Concours de Confort.

This car was designed by, and can be obtained only through this company or its accredited agents.

You can own an identical car.

Price from £455

TALBOT

MULLINER SUNSHINE SALOON

Warwick Wright Ltd.

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OUR RIVIERA LETTER—continued

new innovation which I think will prove a big success is a big treasure hunt got up by the Château de Madrid in Cannes. It was to have come off in two days' time, but as that is the same date as the Battle of Flowers, it will have to be postponed to a day or two later.

The Cercle Nautique will be very crowded to-morrow for the opening of the Regatta season, and the first event will be the Coupé de la Société des Regates Cannoises, in which the King of Denmark, amongst others, is expected to compete. A number of well-known Cannes golfers, including Mr. Fred Scovell, Major Burnham, and Mr. Clems are off for a fortnight's golf at Biarritz and in Spain, while the day after to-morrow is the usual annual Cannes-Nice match, in which all the best golfers in the South will be taking part. The golf club at Mandelieu is very full indeed now, and when I was out there a couple of days ago I found ever so many people lurching in the sunny clubhouse, amongst them Sir John and Lady Lavery, Lady Salmond, Lord Roundway, Lady Wavertree, Prince and Princess de Bourbon, the Vaglianos, Sir Arthur Crosfield, Steve Donoghue and his wife (who never by any chance miss their afternoon round), Lord Charles Hope, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, M. Brugnon, and Lady Wyndham. Lord and Lady Cholmondeley (who has just come out to join her husband at their villa) play a great deal there, and I often see the Aga Khan, who takes the greatest pains over his game, and nearly always seems to be playing with George Duncan, the well-known pro.

There are quite a lot of well-known people staying at Hyères just now, including, of course, Lord Jellicoe (who is playing both golf and tennis) and Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the well-known novelist, and M. Jean Cocteau, who is at Vicomte de Noaille's wonderful place, St. Bernard.

I went over to spend the night at Monte Carlo yesterday, and found that they had just opened the new entrance of the Salles Privé, just opposite the Café de Paris gardens. This is a tremendous improvement, as previously one had to walk all through the kitchens in order to get to the Cercle.

Another improvement is some still more wonderful lighting effects in the Casino gardens, got by electric lights in sunken boxes edged with ferns, through which the lights show up all the colours of the brilliant flower-beds, and really look wonderfully beautiful and gay.

The Motor Rally finished up with a huge dinner of over 300 drivers

and their passengers at the Café de Paris, and there were great scenes of enthusiasm when all the competitors massed in the square of the Palace of Monaco, and Prince Pierre presented all the trophies and prizes and shook hands with everyone.

There are a lot of newcomers these last few days at the Sporting Club, and I saw Sir Joseph Tichborne, Sir Francis Towle, the Hon. Eric Charteris, Lady Juliet Duff, Miss Elsa MacFarlane and her husband Mr. Cliff Whilley, and Sir John Ward (who, with Lady Ward, have just arrived at the Villa Rosemary at Cap Ferrat, and will be there for the rest of the season); Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas have just left, and Colonel and Madame Balsan have gone to Egypt for a few weeks with a party of friends.

Another distinguished visitor who has just left the Côte d'Azur is M. Poincaré, who looks ever so much better for his long stay at Roquebrune and is obviously very sorry to be leaving the South. There will be a wonderful gathering of lawn tennis players at Monte Carlo towards the end of the month, when the great tournament at the New Country Club, with its twenty odd courts, will produce a real Wimbledon entry.

In addition to William Tilden, "Junior" Coen, the finest player of his age in America to-day, has just arrived, while I hear that Señorita de Alvarez is due to get to Monte Carlo in three days' time from St. Moritz, when she will start her training at once and play in the big tournaments for the rest of the season down here. There will be quite a number of the leading English players competing in the "Southern Wimbledon," as the Monte Carlo meeting is called. Among them "Bunny" Austin, Charles Kingsley, Eric Peters, Jack Hillyer, Hughes and Lee. Miss Betty Nuthall is expected also I hear, and she probably play with Miss Joan Ridley in the Beaumont Cup, a double event for ladies which she and Mrs. Covell won last year. Bela Kerhling, the famous Hungarian, Jan Koseluh, Baron de Morpurgo, Henri Cochet, Boussus, Brugnon, Fräulein Aussem, Miss Ryan, Mr. Satterthwaite, Madame Jung, are only a few of the Internationals who are going to play, so that there will be no lack of wonderful games to watch. The Duke of Connaught is the patron of the club, while the King of Sweden's Beaker is one of the many very handsome trophies which are competed for during the week.

Once more—yours, CAROLINE.

Lanchester The Best of the Straight Eight



Akin to the Straight Eight is the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester, of similar design and second to the larger model only in the matter of speed. A car equally suitable for touring as for the ceremonial occasions of a Town Season, and lacking nothing of the Lanchester tradition for excellence of design and workmanship.

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Daimler



The Daimler "Thirty-five"

The Daimler "Thirty-five" is the largest and most luxurious six-cylinder private car in the world. Its body-space measured from the dash to the rear axle is 9 ft. 2 in.—very considerably longer than in any other car except the Daimler Double-Six "50." It is rightly chosen by the leading coachbuilders as the ideal foundation for their craft.

Its absolute reliability and consistently good performance are the result of twenty years' experience in the design and production of large six-cylinder sleeve-valve engined chassis. The origin of the "Thirty-five" itself was the famous Daimler "Standard Thirty," introduced in 1914, since which date a car of this type and

size has always occupied a prominent position in the Daimler range.

The following is a typical report from an owner:

The 35 hp. Daimler Landaulette has now completed 20,000 miles, including a ten weeks' tour of France over some very severe roads and the French Alps, through which it was never necessary to drop below third gear. The petrol consumption of the French tour averaged 17 m.p.g., which is very good taking into consideration the inferior spirit and bad state of the roads, which included 700 miles of heavy snow on the return journey. The car has given me no trouble whatever.



The Perfection of Coachbuilding Craftsmanship.
A Thrupp & Maberly Enclosed Limousine de Ville
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* * * *

A Correction.
It is to be regretted that on p. xxiv of our issue of November 27 it was stated that the tuning dial is marked in wave-lengths, etc.; this does not apply to the portable model but to the home table model (which is all electric), which has its tuning dial marked in wave-lengths. The portable radio gives a faithful reproduction of the original studio performance clear-cut and full-toned. The special tuning enables the unskilled user to choose the programme he wishes to hear. The Columbia is utterly simple to control, yet provides an unusually large choice of stations for the entertainment of the listener.

* * * *

Another Correction.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that it was the L.C. 41M Loud Speaker, priced at £8 15s., which was illustrated in our issue of December 11, while the text refers to the Amplion Radio Gramophone, the lowest price of which is £120.



The new Filmo Cine Camera with seven speeds and three lenses—for slow-motion pictures and close-ups at distance. Pictures may be taken in failing light at Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond Street, W.1

Compensation for the Deaf.

It is a curious yet comforting fact of life that for every loss we, even so-called stone-deafness—there exists a compensation. To short, can hear again, can join in the pleasures of music and conversation once more, and this without any real inconvenience or any to one's sense of the fitness of things. Mr. R. H. Dent of 36/1, Street, London, W.1, has devoted years of active life to the problem of providing help for the deaf, and shall be at once thoroughly effective and inexpensive. To-day there is 1930 Ardente, which means hearing in a hand-bag for women, and a type for gentlemen.

* * * *

The Hygiene of the Mouth and Throat.

It is an unpleasant fact to have to admit, nevertheless it must be looked in the face, and that this is the season of influenza colds and attendant ills. In order to prevent their appearance the mouth should twice a day be cleansed with an antiseptic mouth-wash, as it frees the delicate mucous membranes of the mouth and throat of the germs that are natural breeding-ground there. They are carried into the mouth and throat from the air, and checked give rise to many forms of illness.

* * * *

What is Milton?

A question that is often asked is, "What is Milton?" and the reply is that it is a powerful, absolutely safe antiseptic, and it has been conclusively proved that by washing or rinsing the mouth thoroughly once or twice daily with about a teaspoonful of Milton in half a tumblerful of water, the following results may be obtained: Every disease or decay in the mouth is destroyed, and the mouth is prevented. Pyorrhœa with its resulting evils is avoided or arrested. False teeth as well as the natural teeth are cleansed of even as well as being thoroughly and visibly clean. Put the matter in a nutshell, Milton is endowed with unique freshness, admirable cleansing properties, and destroys all germs. Nevertheless it is absolutely safe.



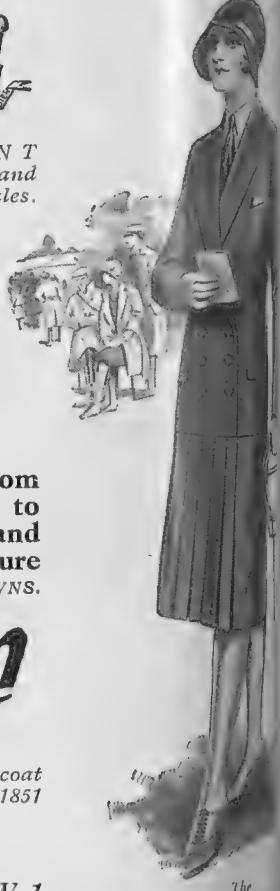
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of comfort!

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Photo by Pauline Portraits.

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who has made such a sensational success
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BEING equal to the occasion is mostly a matter of feeling ready for it, which Phosferine Brand Tonic always helps me to be. I rely upon Phosferine Tonic to prevent my nerves getting 'on edge' before and after playing a comedy rôle before thousands of people weekly, and Phosferine Tonic never lets me down. I always feel that the sense of freshness and vigour Phosferine Tonic imparts, gives me confidence in my ability to do my best—for it makes me feel I never lack the energy necessary to uphold a uniform standard of efficiency. I know from experience that to keep at bay the irksome fatigue of long journeys and the nerve strain of the crowded working days of stage life, which wear one down, I can trust Phosferine Tonic every time."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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Supersedes all old-fashioned salts—It Tones as it Cleanses!

Aldwych

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

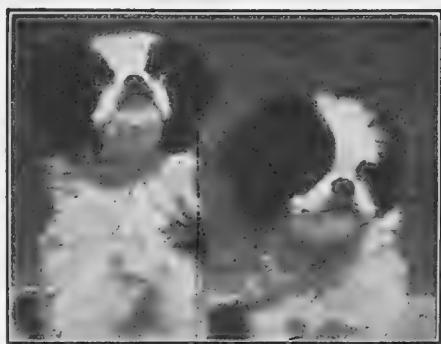
Our Annual General Meeting took place at Cruft's on February 13. The result of the ballot for the committee was that the old committee was re-elected, with the addition of Mrs. Henry Fraser. Lady Kathleen Pilkington was unanimously elected chairman of the Executive; Lady Wolverhampton, vice-chairman; Lorna Countess Howe, chairman of the Show Committee; and Lady Faudel-Phillips, treasurer. There was a good attendance of members.

* * *

Cruft's Show is unique among shows; it has an atmosphere no other show has. It also always draws a large entry of sporting dogs, the judging of which in some cases lasted well into the second day. Our members, as usual, were well to the fore. There is also always a large and interesting collection of foreign dogs, among people showing being Lady Stradbrooke showing Australian terriers, while Mrs. Foljambe had a grand team of Rhodesian ridgebacks, and Mrs. McCormick Goodhart showed some Boston terriers. These latter, though very popular in America, are comparatively rare in England. Among other new breeds were Mrs. Spence's Lakeland terriers, while there was a large collection of the now popular keeshonden, who were judged by a Dutch lady, Mme. Van der Spek o.d. Heide.

* * *

The members found the room kindly put at their disposal by Mr. Cruft of the utmost use and comfort. As the hours passed by it became increasingly pleasant to retire to a quiet room out of the noise where one could have a meal well and quickly served; also where one could take one's friends, the latter a privilege much appreciated. Mrs. Carlo Clarke is still very unwell, and was unable to be present at the meetings. She was much missed, as she was for so many years an unfailing attendant, and only



JAPANESE

The property of Miss Gertrude Savile

conditions of health prevented her being with us. chairman, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, judged the bulldogs at Cruft's. The photograph given is of Alsatian, Wendy, with friend.

* * *

Lady Sophie Scott is one of the most popular members of our Executive and the Cairn terrier. Of late years she has not exhibited, but at one time had a strong team, including the incomparable Ch. Tibbie of Harris. Lady Sophie keeps her Cairns on the island of Harris, where they are used for their herding work. (The photograph given is of the two her constant companions.

* * *

It is with the deepest regret that we heard of the death of Mrs. Colman. She had been a member of our Executive and the two sub-committees for many years and took an unvarying interest in the Association. Mrs. Colman was of a most generous nature, and will be missed by many. Her French bulldogs were world-famous, they were her dearest pets and kept for that reason only, but she did the breed immense service by the dogs she imported from America. To her two sons we offer our sincere sympathy.

* * *

Miss Savile's Japs require no advertising by me; everyone knows them, how healthy and hardy they are in addition to being good-looking dogs.

Miss Savile has a really good young lady for sale, house-trained, also some young puppies, pure black and white. Will anyone interested write direct to Miss Savile, Sunnycroft, Clint, Ripley, Harrogate.

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All letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nutshooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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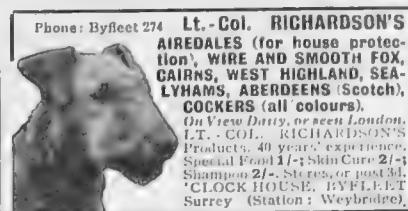
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Eyre & Spottiswoode (Publishers), Ltd.,
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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for one who belongs to the good old-fashioned type of servant, faithful, trustworthy, and independent. Her employers' interests were her own, and consequently she never married or made her own way in life. Now, at the age of seventy-four, Anna is left alone and poor; her late employers are dead and her health is gone. Her life is spent in a dreary room in a London slum, her income being 10s. weekly Old Age Pension. Her only friends are some kind-hearted Church sisters who cannot help her financially; £7 16s. is not a large sum to ask for, but it would give this poor woman an allowance of 3s. weekly for the following year. A good fire and more adequate food would then be her lot instead of cold and semi-starvation; surely she deserves this after a life of faithful and unremitting toil?



MISS PHYLLIS NORTHEN

A skiing enthusiast at Pontresina, where the snow is good and hard, as it is in almost all winter sport-land this season

There seems to be some doubt as to who among Englishmen of high standing first adopted the top hat. Not the beaver, but the silk topper. George Augustus Sala, in 1878, attributed the honour to the famous Lord Lyndhurst. But there is no doubt as to the first maker of the top hat, for the story of the fall of the beaver and the rise of the silk is a chapter in the personal history of Mr. John Fletcher Bennett, the son of one of the founders of the firm of Lincoln Bennett and Co. First established in 1799, this business has removed from Piccadilly and located at 3, Burlington Gardens, Old Bond Street.

The celebrated Lener Quartet are giving a great concert at Queen's Hall, on Sunday evening, February 23, to aid the Greater London Fund for the Blind. The concert is an entirely new departure. There will be no charge for admission, but programmes may be

purchased. They will be offered for sale by a group of Mrs. Cochran's bearded girls from *Nine Till Six*, under the leadership of Miss Louise Hampton. An appeal will be made by a well-known speaker in order to acquaint the audience with the needs and objects of the Greater London Fund.

We have been informed that the Spanish House of Rudolf Mosse—Agents—has received the first prize and the



MR. AND MRS. H. T. L. YOUNG AT BIRMINGHAM 'CHASES

On the day Great Span came back to form, nevertheless he was a bit lucky to win the Steeplechase, in which they were rolling on the quite a lot. Mr. Young is the well-known owner

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Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King

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There are at the present time 14 advertising people of over 70 years of age whose old age is being made comfortable by the N.A.B.S. Moreover, at the present time the N.A.B.S. is responsible for helping, and in some cases educating, 12 girls and boys whose fathers when living were engaged in advertising.

Not every man and woman in the advertising business knows of this benevolent work. Consequently all who are not subscribe to the funds of the N.A.B.S. If you are making your living out of advertising and are not at present subscribing, will you not to-day send a donation to the Hon. Treasurer? Any donation, however small, is welcome. If you are already subscribing, will you not get some friend in advertising who does not know of this work to send a donation?

The Annual Festival will be held at the Connaught Rooms on March 28th, when H.R.H. Prince George has graciously promised to speak. Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., will preside. The demand for tickets (12/6d. each) is sure to be big, so early application is urged.

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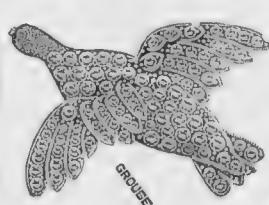


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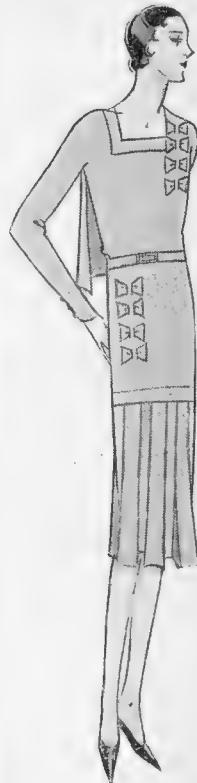
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The outstanding mode for spring is the dressmaker suit. *Vogue* shows this Païou version, in black crepe sokol, because of its new bolero coat and banded and buttoned skirt slightly raised at the waist; because the charfreuse blouse is in chiffon; and because the black grosgrain hat, broadtail scarf, and antelope bag with charfreuse edging are perfectly chosen accessories.

This Spring more than ever you need **VOGUE**

CONTENTS OF THE SPRING MILLINERY ISSUE.

7 pages of new hats—the all-important blouse—what to buy in the spring on a dress allowance of £150 a year—an inexpensive wardrobe from a London store—"Value in the Shops"—the new shoes—"Chic as seen in Paris": gloves, scarfs, furs, jewels, flowers, coiffures—five pages of new *Vogue* Patterns—"Modern Furniture is not dear"—English and Irish Gardens by Lady Ankaef Jackson—"The Life of a Tennis Star," by a famous ex-champion—Society, the stage, aviation, etc.

There has been a sharper change in fashion this past season than for years back. Last spring's frocks simply won't do. Now more than ever, therefore, when you need so many new clothes, you want *Vogue*'s advice With *Vogue* to guide you, you will not waste a single penny on a declining style, or on one that will become too quickly popular. You will know the mode early, and get the longest possible use from your purchases Why take chances at this difficult buying season when by studying *Vogue* you can insure the correctness—and economy—of your entire wardrobe, at the cost of less than a penny a day?

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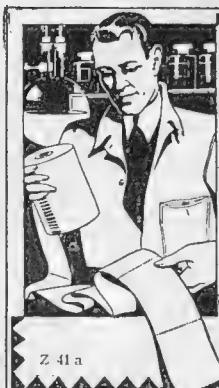
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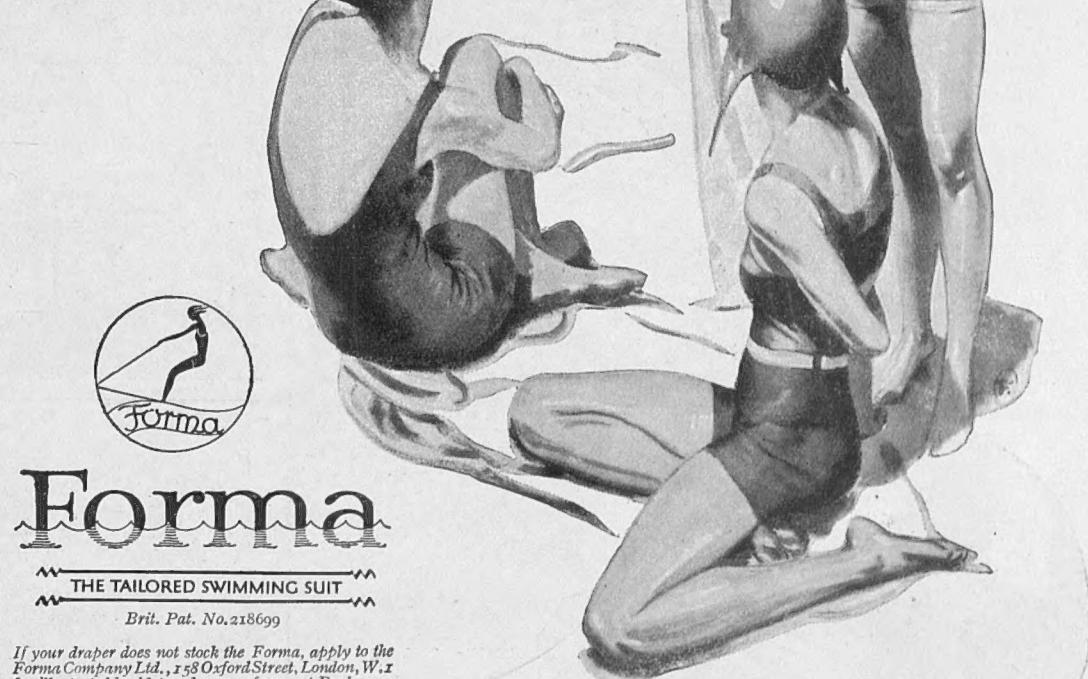
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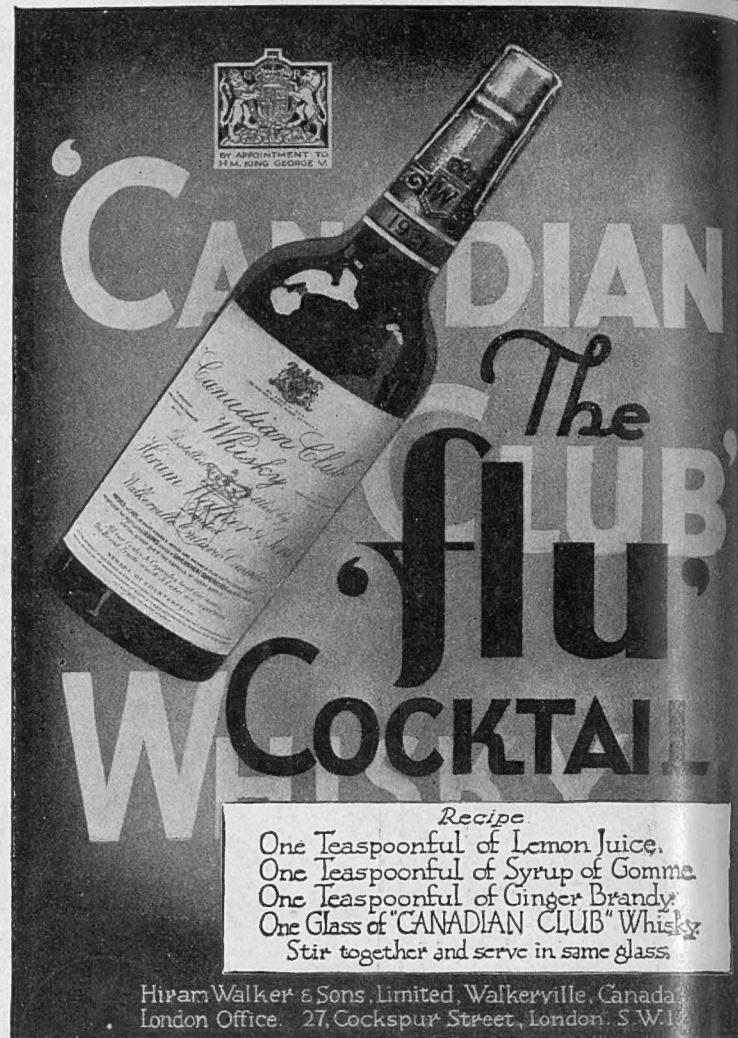


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